

THE
LADY'S
HOME MAGAZINE;

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

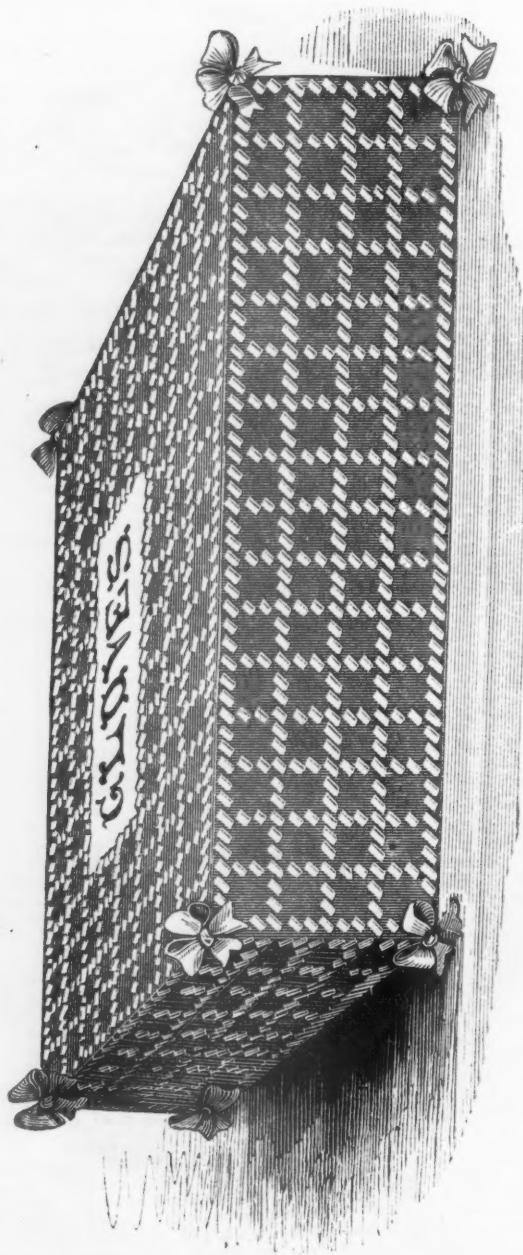
MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

VOL. XI.

From January to June, 1858.

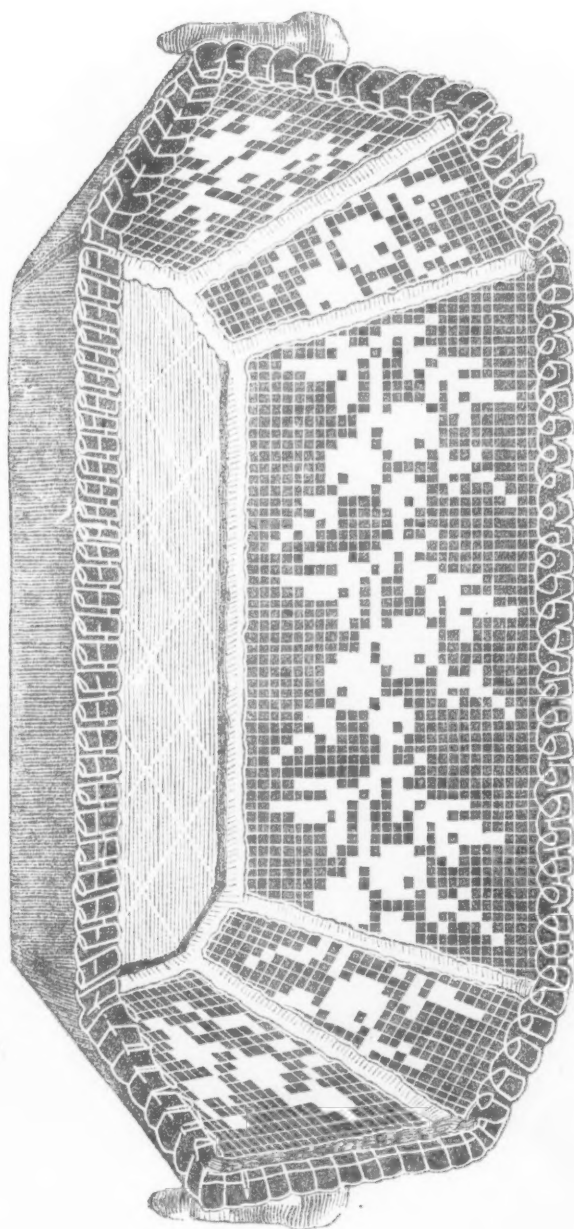
PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1858.





GLOVE BOX

CHEMISE CARD-BASKET.





HOME MAGAZINE JAN. 1858.

NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED COIFFURES.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



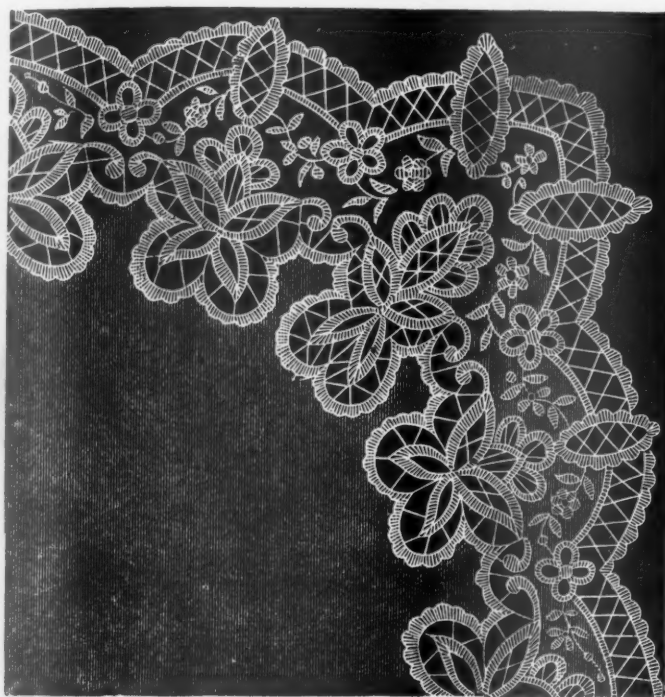
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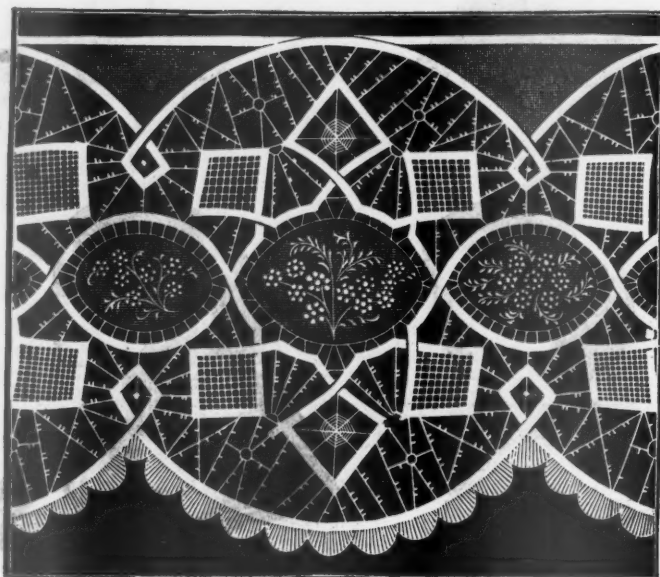
No. 5.



No. 6.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER—GUIPURE DE VENICE.



SLEEVE TRIMMING, IN EMBROIDERY.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME





EMBROIDERY FOR CHAIR CUSHION.



MORNING ROBE.



SLIPPER, IN APPLICATION.

MATERIALS—Half a yard of the finest black cloth; nearly the same quantity of scarlet or crimson velvet. Gold thread, of the finest quality, No. 3, two skeins; and fancy cord, of the color of the velvet.

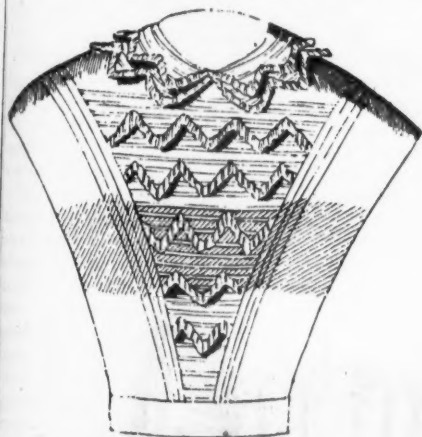
Cut out of a sheet of foolscap paper the exact size required for the slipper; lay this on the cloth, and mark the outlines of the slipper with white thread. Then draw the pattern, enlarging it to the required size.

Draw only one-half of the slipper, and mark the other half from it. The parts engraved in white horizontal lines are to be in velvet, which is cut out in the proper shape, that for each slipper being in one entire piece.

Take a broad paint-brush, and wash over the back of the velvet lightly with very thin glue; then lay it on the cloth, and tack it to keep it in its place. Lay it, with the velvet side downwards, on a thickly-folded cloth, and put some books on it as weights, until the velvet and cloth adhere. The velvet chosen should be of the best description, with a very short pile. If at all crushed, a warm iron may be held upright and the back of the cloth passed lightly over it. This will raise the pile. The edges of the velvet are finished off with two lines of gold thread, between which the fancy cord is laid. They are respectively to be sewed over with silk of the same colors, and the ends drawn through the cloth. Quilted silk or satin should be used for lining these slippers. On the next page is a representation of the finished slipper.



INFANT'S EMBROIDERED CLOAK.



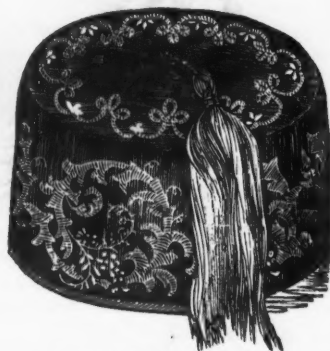
CHEMISETTE.



SLIPPER IN APPLICATION.



LOUNGING CAP, No. 1.



LOUNGING CAP, No. 2.



BRIDAL DRESS.



DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

THE LADY'S Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1858.

ELSIE'S TRIALS.

BY M. D. R. B.

We were very lonesome—Mother and I—the day Elsie left us, and standing at the door we watched the fluttering back of her long traveling veil, fluttering as if it clung to the old homestead, until it was lost to us among the waving branches of the trees.

The house seemed solitary and sad as we turned and went in, for the life and light of it had passed away with my sister Elsie. So Mother went up stairs with her quiet gentle step, and as I heard her moving to and fro, I knew she was gathering remembrances of the presence that still lingered there. Many of these had been left, for Elsie spoke cheerily of a return, and her favorite books and engravings still adorned the walls of her old room.

Once I stepped lightly up, and saw that Mother was weeping, as she opened a drawer which contained some of Elsie's clothing that she had worn when a baby. Her little toys were there too; even the coral, with its silver bells, that had been my dead father's first gift to his little one. She looked them all over and kissed them, and then she knelt down and covered up her face, and I knew that she was asking blessings for her dove, that had fitted forth out of the home-ark into the cold and weary world.

It was long long before she came down again; and when she did, the old enduring look was on her pale face, though the traces of tears were gone. But as she passed to the window to take up her well-used Bible, she gathered

up the white bridal flowers, that Elsie had carelessly untwisted from her dark locks the evening before, and laid them, withered as they were, between its leaves, sweeter and dearer to her then than when they had bloomed untouched by the beloved hand.

Yes, she was married—my sister Elsie—so, unlike other story tellers, I begin the history of her trials where their's commonly leave off, when, the course of true love having at last found a smooth channel, there remains only a description of the wedding scene to end the volume. Alas! how many a tear-stained page is turned over after that is finished; written, it may be, in the heart-drops of human grief.

It could not be said that our darling had had no trials, for we had lost both property and friends; more than one loved form having been hidden from our sight by the dark, damp clouds that fell heavily alike on them and on our smitten hearts. But Elsie was so full of the buoyancy of life, had so much sweet hope and trust, that she always looked at the bright edging of the storm clouds; sprung up uncrushed from the rude pressure of sorrow.

To her our cottage home was a perfect bower of bliss; and she danced in and out among its flowers, with a song upon her lip, and a glad brilliancy in her earnest eyes that could not fail to make us happy who loved her so much. And when we led her to the beloved spot where they repose "who sleep in Jesus and are blest," she wept indeed, but with tears brightened by the sunshine of faith, as she told us

of the many mansions of the Father's house, the gathering up of the broken chain of love in the world of bliss.

To her it was even a trial tinged with love, when she was obliged by our straightened circumstances to leave the poetry of her happy existence—for we had hitherto spared her any harsh experience of the struggles which poverty brings—and go out to do her part in the battle of life. She that had wandered like the bees from one sweet bloom to another, was obliged like them to bring home honey for the family hive. But there was no selfishness in the part that she chose. "You and Mother, dear Anne, may sit here with your needles; but I—I must make happy hearts."

So when she told us that she was to be the teacher of the district school, we were not surprised, only glad that she had so chosen. But while across our world-worn minds, that were "troubled about many things," visions of added dollars and cents glanced, I but do common justice to our darling Elsie when I say, that in her innocent thoughts schemes of usefulness and happiness predominated far above the hopes of gain.

It was no wonder that her little scholars loved her, who was so gentle and loving to them, taking part in all their simple pleasures, yet "severe in youthful beauty" and virtue, when they erred and went astray. They brought to her confidently their pretty childish gifts—fairy-like baskets, made of twisted leaves, brimmed with wild strawberries, the sunniest peach, the brightest red apple, clusters of brown nuts, and fragrant offerings of flowers to fill the little china vase that stood on her rude time-stained desk. These, as they were every day renewed, were each evening distributed with a smile and a kiss to those who had striven the hardest to do right; and it was a rare sight to see a slow or sorrowful step in the merry group that thronged, with their sweet teacher, down that well-worn school-house lane.

It was one bright Summer's evening as they came home thus, they laughing and singing, she with her white sun-bonnet thrown back from her dark curls, where little hands had twisted a garland of wild roses, that Squire Hazlehurst rode by with a gay company. He was a proud, stern man; rich, for he owned the finest mansion and goodliest acres in the country; handsome, with a dark manly beauty that had charms for some, but lacked with others the grace of smiles.

But he did smile then, when he saw Elsie, simple and unadorned save with her own

youthful loveliness, and the smile was followed by a greeting, which was answered on her part by a blush that seemed to please him still more. So this slight acquaintance was the beginning of Squire Hazlehurst's seeking to win our Elsie; and his visits at the cottage ended in his luring away our sweet bird to his gilded halls.

It was ever a mystery to me how Elsie could love that stern, dark-browed man. I have said she was beautiful; but this beauty did not consist in the "diamond eyes," "coral lips," and "rose and lily complexion" that distinguish novel heroines. There was a soft, gentle expression in her eyes, an innocent, child-like grace in all her ways, that made her exceedingly lovely; and I never saw a greater contrast than she and her affianced husband presented, when they stood up together to take those vows upon them which once said can never be unspoken. I could not understand it. Was there a hidden charm in that being loved for one's self alone? or had our Elsie learned hardness from the world, and wearied of poverty and its ceaseless toil for the dear daily bread? I never knew.

One thing is certain, that she did love him, with that unfathomable depth of tenderness which is a woman's inheritance, her portion of that bitter cup which was pressed to the lip of our first mother, bitter if it be lavished in vain. And yet there was no wearisome display of fondness. A flower that he had gathered and thrown aside, a book that he had read or touched, and dearer still, the precious letters that made even absence pleasant, how sacredly they were gathered up and kept as her peculiar treasures!

Whether Mr. Hazlehurst shared these feelings, could not be discovered from his manner, which was ever cold and distant in his intercourse with us. I often thought, perhaps I wronged him, that he valued our Elsie as he would a gem that he had discovered, and which his wealth could adorn with a richer setting than our lowly circumstances afforded, and so he took a certain pride in this peerless creature as something all his own.

One thing I was not long in finding out, that there was, as the saying is, "no love lost" between our mother and him who was to be our Elsie's husband. I remember well the evening that he asked for this dear gift. It was a time of sadness rather than rejoicing; and when at last the consent was given—more on account of Elsie's pleading looks than Mr. Hazlehurst's half-defiant words—it was mingled

with so many tears that there was no room for congratulation. It may be that a dim foreshadowing of sorrow was present to the loving maternal heart. Who knows?

And we were sure from the first that when Elsie should go forth from the dear old home, it was to be an actual banishment. She, who was to be the honored wife of a proud rich man, must ignore to a certain extent the existence of a mother and sister under the ban of poverty. And so we had not been invited to Ellary, and the wedding had been entirely private.

Yet there had been no want of costly gifts, that had been pressed on us for acceptance. But though I wore the soft rich silk that Elsie's hand bestowed in honor of Elsie's bridal, it was nothing to me in comparison with the glossy ringlet that had laid on her pure forehead, and which I took for a farewell token. And the delicate lace that had shaded my mother's brow, was replaced, I saw, that day, when she sat reading the word of God, by the plain badge of mourning that had marked for some years her sad widowhood.

This was the reason we felt so dreary as we looked after our lost Elsie; this was the cause of my mother's secret tears, and of her gathering up of the withered flowers; and this was why, after a long sorrowful silence, she looked up and said: "Anne, I think our dear Elsie is a Christian; and there will be glad meetings in Heaven."

But Elsie did return to us once. It was after many months had passed, and she came alone. It might have been our jealous fancy, but we thought she had barely been permitted to do so; and it appeared to us that she was not as happy as when she left us. She spoke but little of her husband, yet she complained of no wrong; what true woman would? and she described with something of her old liveliness, the rich appointments of her new home, and the many blessings which she enjoyed.

It was a comfort for us to have her with us, even for a little while; but the hour of parting came at last. Should we three all meet again? They who clung so convulsively together, the mother and her youngest darling, were henceforth to set their feet in different paths; one led to the dim valley of death, the other pressed on still in life's conflict.

For in that second Autumn after Elsie was married, I laid our mother in the quiet churchyard. I laid, for Elsie was not there; she could not come. And shortly after the grieved mourning letter that told her union with my

sorrows, there came another, with cheerful and glad tidings. I must go to her, she would take no denial, for she was a young mother, and longed so much to show me her priceless gift. And I went. Circumstances, which in detail would but mar my narrative, had made me a comparatively rich woman, and Anne Dormer no longer felt that she should disgrace with her alliance the proud owner of Ellary.

So on a bright Winter's day I began my journey thither. There had been a cold rain the night before, and the drops freezing as they fell, had hung every branch and twig, and even the smallest spear of withered grass, with liquid diamonds, which sparkled and quivered in the sun-rays like coronets of gems. How enchanting the scene was! I remember well that I leaned back among my furs in the comfortable sleigh, and having no one to talk to—for a servant had been sent from Ellary for my escort—I let my fancy have its day-dreams.

First I thought, as I looked far over the smooth expanse of ice, that seemed changed by the sunbeams to molten gold, of the "sea of glass, mingled with fire," in the Apocalyptic vision. And that led me to holy and blessed thoughts. Then I removed the coverings from my hand, as we whirled swiftly along, and caught a beautiful spray of the ice-jewels, thereby shaking down a shower of crystals on my head to revenge the pretty theft. But it soon melted in my warm palm to a dry withered branch again; and that set me to moralizing on the fleeting vanity of all earthly possessions.

And thus my thoughts beguiled the monotony of the way, as we flew swiftly along the road to Ellary. Its trim hedge-rows first came in sight, their deep green contrasting well with the pure snow that lay unsullied around.

I had never seen the place in its Summer bloom, and either the wintry aspect, or my old prejudices sent a chill to my heart. It was a fine old mansion, however, and the portico in front had marble pillars and pedestals adorned with bronze figures of the size of life. There were many statues too, distributed about the grounds, and the house was shaded in with trees, noble trees that had felt the storms of a century. I remember two that stood together with their branches interwoven. They were aged ash trees, and their trunks were gnarled and moss-grown, but they reminded me, at the time, of the fable of Baucis and Philemon, the old fond couple transfixed at once in an enduring embrace.

There was a fountain basin too, in the midst

of the lawn, but the fall had been arrested by the frost, and the silver shower hung in icicles about the temples and lips of the huge Gorgon head that had sent it forth. But I had not come to wonder at the riches of Ellary, so I hastened in on my heart's mission.

I was received in the hall by my stately brother-in-law, and condolences and congratulations were offered on either side, for I had lately parted with a beloved mother, and he had gained a son and heir to his fine estate. But there was little heart in this, so I resisted his invitation to enter the room he had just left, and whose luxuries and comforts I could catch hasty glimpses of through the half-opened door, and only waiting to warm my chilled fingers by the hall stove, I bounded up the wide staircase in search of Elsie and her baby.

I was not long in finding these, for the soft cooing of an infant was making music in a room not far distant, and they who had gathered there were too intent on their little charge to heed my hushed step. So I stood at the door a few minutes, and looked around me.

It was a spacious, light, and handsome apartment; the lofty cornices wrought in a running pattern of leaves and fruit, and the ceiling also ornamented with elaborate carvings. Over each large window were suspended curtains of crimson silk, relieved by light draperies of lace, and the same rich hangings adorned the luxurious couch. A full length mirror in a frame of ebony stood between two of the windows, and the remaining two shaded a dressing table of the same dark material, which boasted all the paraphernalia of art and elegance.

But there were but hasty glances bestowed on all these, for my sister Elsie and her little darling engrossed all my thoughts. How lovely she looked as she sat there, the dawning of young motherhood just shading her sweet brow! And the baby, my sister's baby, how I loved him! I could see his little brown head as he laid on his nurse's lap. He had the same dark blue eyes as Elsie's, that always looked to me, with their long drooping lashes, like hidden violets.

The nurse was busy feeding the little hungry one, and my sister and a young girl who knelt on the soft carpet to hold the silver cup were quite engrossed with the important operation. But at last Elsie started and saw me, and then there was a warm greeting, in which tears and smiles mingled for the living and the dead. She soon dismissed her attendants, and

taking her fair baby in her own arms, bid me sit on a low rocker at her side.

We talked long, a fond sisterly communing, and then Elsie, wearied, leaned back on her soft pillows, and looked at her baby asleep on her bosom. How fair and frail the young mother was, yet how lovely! And that great trust had been given to her, the training of an immortal soul for Heaven! I know Elsie thought of this, though she said not so, for the fountain of both sweet and bitter waters was in my young sister's heart too deep to be unsealed on slight occasions. Yet I know as she closed her eyes, that it was not in sleep; she prayed to God then, for her darling, and when she toyed with her light touch over his dimpled fingers, I was sure that strange thoughts were working; how should that little hand stem life's rough current, how escape its sharpest thorns, and how, when safely passed, wave the palm of victory!

I stayed some time with my sister Elsie, at her beautiful home, long enough for baby Edgar to know and love me. And when the sweet little fellow would laugh and crow to get to my arms, and hide his pretty pouting face when I pretended to take no heed, I felt that it would be hard for me to leave Ellary. But go I must. Not that my brother-in-law was uncourteous, though he still preserved his cold haughty manner. I have already said that I was independent, and there was no danger of the world finding out through my means that he had made a *mesalliance*.

But I had remained long enough to see that my sister Elsie was unhappy; that her husband was possessed of a violent and ungovernable temper, which of itself was sufficient to cause suffering to one of such a gentle and timid nature. And I was not blind to the fact that this want of power to rule his spirit was because he tarried long at the wine-cup. This was a growing evil that threatened to destroy all moral courage, all mental energy, and I trembled for the young wife and child. And Elsie, woman like, concealed the thorn, and fancied it was hidden from all eyes.

Besides, there was another reason for my leaving Ellary. I too had loved and been loved in early years; but poverty had stepped between my betrothed and myself, and prudence had hindered our union. But now that I had wealth again, and he in the pursuit of it had suffered, I was determined to join my lot with his, and seek in more genial climes for that health which would be to him the greatest of blessings.

I may tell another time of this ; how I wandered with my artist-husband, through sunny lands ; how he drew inspiration from their glorious scenes, their palmy groves, and lived happily if not long, breathing in their balmy airs. I may tell of this, but not now, for it would make my story too long. Suffice it to say that "he sleeps well" that last untroubled sleep, and I returned alone to my Northern home. As soon as I had visited the old cottage, which I had left under the care of an aged domestic, I made preparations to set off for Ellary. I longed to see Elsie and her darling.

While I was absent I had heard frequently from Elsie. Her letters were always filled with accounts of Edgar, how he had grown, how handsome every one said he was, and, what was so much better, how gentle and how good ! Then I must hear about his studies, what he was learning, and how well he made progress ! And at the end of all, how he loved and talked of his dear Aunt Anne ! No wonder I was impatient to see this darling child, whom I had left nine years ago a little helpless babe.

But ah me ! I was destined never to visit Ellary without a heart-chill. And yet this time it wore not its Wintry garb. Roses bloomed, the bending trees threw down long clinging shadows, and from out the marble fountain dripped cool and sparkling waters. But I missed the living presence that makes a home.

And besides I had planned it so differently, picturing to myself when I thought of a return the eager hastening of Edgar to meet me ; or, as I had written to tell of my visit, that he might even be bounding towards me on the little fleet pony, that I had heard so much of. And this idea of Edgar on his favorite Arab courser was a cherished one of mine, drawn on the God-woven canvass of the heart, in brighter colors than the gems of the old masters.

But no step was heard on the broad gravel walks, no musical voice echoed through the shady alleys, but instead thereof there met me the well-worn chaise of the old family physician, and the kind-hearted man looked out at me with such a strangely troubled countenance that my heart with its wild throbbings left me no voice to ask for the welfare of those I loved so dearly.

I was prepared then for this, that there was sickness, perhaps death in the house. But I was not prepared for the sight that greeted me, as I passed with hurried step through the hall, and up the deserted staircase. There came a

burst of childish laughter, but the tones were shriller and more unpleasant than are generally heard from the lips of smiling infancy ; and as I reached the upper gallery, I saw the boy whom I had so fondly and proudly imagined as ranking above his peers in manliness and grace, seated on the matted floor, surrounded with the infant toys which I was sure had been long ago discarded to the forsaken play-room.

I tried to think that this was only a childish whim ; that the boy had tired of his books, or out-of-doors amusement, and was acting baby again for the merriment it made. I laughed then, and sought to attract his attention, but he took no heed. Then I stooped down, and putting my arms round him, bent back his head and put by his curls, so that I might see into his face. But his face was vacant, and his eyes lacked the mighty mind that looks out of other eyes, and when I said : "Edgar, it is Aunt Anne, dear Aunt Anne come home," he pushed me gently away, that he might watch the motions of a mimic cart which he drew towards him with a string.

Then the old nurse came out of a shaded chamber beyond, and making me sit down, she told me all. What agony it was then for me to hear those sorrows ! and yet Time, the great healer of the bruised heart, enables me now to speak of them calmly. So we talk of the dead as if they still lived, or at most were parted from us by a brief day's journey.

I gathered from her words that Edgar's tutor having been obliged to leave his charge for awhile, Mr. Hazlehurst had determined to superintend his son's education himself ; an employment for which he was ill-fitted by his passionate temper, that had become greatly aggravated by his growing propensity for liquor. The child, unused to his father's capricious moods, was sometimes wilful and inattentive ; and it was upon such an occasion that Mr. Hazlehurst, on leaving to take his usual ride, commanded his son, with great severity of manner, to attend to his tasks during his absence, threatening him harshly if he should be negligent.

Edgar it is supposed intended to obey, but seating himself at an open window, either his book fell out, and he ran to the court below to regain it, or some object attracted him there, and he forgot his father's warning. But so it was that when Mr. Hazlehurst returned, the first one he encountered was Edgar, a truant from his tasks. Blinded by passion, the unhappy man raised his loaded riding whip, and

struck his fair child heavily to the ground. It would be vain to attempt to describe the father's remorse, the mother's speechless agony, when their beautiful boy was taken up pale and lifeless as if indeed numbered with the dead. It needs but to say, that when the body returned to consciousness, the mind had fled; Edgar was henceforth to be a helpless, hopeless idiot.

I sat a long time after I had heard this sad story, seeking strength from above to impart to those who had so much greater need of it than I; and then, summoning all my fortitude, I went to my poor sister, whom I had left years before a proud and happy mother. Her husband, they said, had shut himself up in a distant apartment, unable to meet his agonized wife, or look upon the face of their injured child.

And Elsie, she had thrown herself upon that rich couch, which mocked her with its stately grandeur, and buried her face deep in its soft pillows. And I noticed that through the veil of her abundant hair, which had fallen over her neck and shoulders, many a silver thread mingled; she that had not yet seen a score and a half of years! They told me that she had been thus for some time, ever since the physician had given his final opinion, and they feared she could not be aroused.

But as I laid my trembling fingers on her's, her whole frame quivered with emotion, and raising herself up, she fell weeping on my neck. Those were blessed tears, and did her good, so I let them have free course before I whispered to her what was in my heart. And the first words she said to me after so long an absence, were: "Anne, do you think my boy will be an idiot in Heaven?"

Then I sat down and took my sweet sister in my arms, nursing her fair cheek against mine, as we do a grieved child. And I told her that God had sent this trial, and bade her have patience and in a little while she would see that all had been ordered aright. "And would she not?" I said, "rather have her darling as he was, a little innocent child, than to see him grow up worldly and base, forgetting God and trampling on his laws, and abusing the fine talents that he had given him, as so many do. But now he would be, for all his life, unsmared by temptation, and unsullied by the world, and He who said, 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven,' was able to fill with bliss the soul even of a little child. How this is we know not, and we should not seek to know; but one thing we are sure of, that there will be perfect happiness in Heaven."

And I took, as I spoke, a crystal goblet, and

filled it and a smaller vessel from a vase that stood near, and I showed my Elsie that each was full to its utmost capacity; no room for more. "And further than that!" I said, "is one of the hidden mysteries of God."

When we had talked thus awhile, and grew calmer, Elsie rose up, and arranging her hair and dress, said that she must go to her husband, her poor husband, who suffered alone. And I let her go, for I knew that amid the thorns and thistles of fallen earth God ordered the Eden-seeds of love and forgiveness to spring up, that man might be allured back to Paradise. But before she went my Elsie knelt down by her stricken boy, and hung over him, and kissed his lips, thanking God for his dear life, as she had done when he was a little babe on her bosom.

Mr. Hazlehurst lived after this not long. But he died, I think, a penitent, as he was most surely, a deeply humbled man. Humbled in the things in which he had taken so much pride—his fair name, and the unbroken line of the family descent. For at his demise, although ample provision was made for Elsie and their child, yet the property devolving on the heir-male, and Edgar being legally dead, its possession passed to a distant relative. The new owner of Ellary was generous and kind, and would have had my sister still to make her home there, but she had decided otherwise, and so in a little while she and our dear boy came to the old cottage to spend a few quiet years with me.

A few! for there was that in both mother and son that told me they were destined to be early cropped by the great reaper. I had long seen this in Elsie, even in her girlish days, and the sharp trials of her womanhood had worked fearful changes. And Edgar, how could he live apart from the other life that made all his happiness?

For he was happy; happy in the free Summer air, when he could feel the sunbeams as he lay on the short crisp grass watching the birds and talking to them, or gathering flowers and moss for his innocent plays, ever gentle and loving, with none of those wild and capricious moods that are so distressing in those of his peculiar class. And withal he had that deep sense of religion that had marked his character before this great sorrow. So, though his memory retained not the learning and wisdom of earth, his heart kept its hold on the things that are "revealed unto babes." The prayers that he had learned long ago he still knelt at his mother's knee to repeat, and the

sweet hymns that she had sung to him then he murmured in his sleep when each pleasant day had come to an end.

And so he ever was a simple loving child, and although in the beginning Elsie had restlessly watched for the flashing back of that bright intellect which in its first dawning had given her so much delight, it never came. He would listen as an infant does to little stories—and the touching themes of inspiration pleased him best—but when we came to dive into the deeper lore of earth-born minds, there was no glad sparkling of the eye, no stirring up of the dormant powers of the soul.

I remember once when we had been reading by turns an interesting book, and were suddenly called from the room together, that when we entered it again Edgar had drawn up to the table and was seated with the volume before him, seemingly in profound study of its contents. What an eager, startled look poor Elsie gave as she tremblingly laid her hand on mine, and we stole on tip-toe to look over his shoulder! Alas, what a cruel disappointment! The book was upside down, and the child turned round and laughed merrily at his successful mockery.

But Elsie was not unhappy. She had learned the great lesson of life—to look on the bright side of the shadow, to search for mercy-drops even in the bitter cup of sorrow. And when she saw fond mothers repulsed by unnatural sons, and their hearts pierced by unkindness and the thrusting back of love, she blessed God for her gentle and loving child who was to be always a child. And then, even in his idiot state he might have been sullen or violent, and that would have been a greater grief.

All this my dear sister said to me when she was about to leave me for a brighter world. One thing only troubled her; she must leave her darling. But even that too was made clear to her; they should not be long divided.

Not long; for Edgar pined and grieved for the dear presence that he missed so much. At first he would not believe that he should see her no more, and watched daily by the favorite walk, or under the old tree where we had often sat together. Fresh flowers were brought every morning for her little vase, for to the last my sweet sister had retained this graceful love for flowers, and when they had all been arranged in the same old way, for Edgar clung to one plan always, both in his pleasures and employments, then he would stand with such an earnest waiting look, as if he thought this could not fail to win her back. And in the

midst of my greatest efforts to please or soothe him he would turn away, and with his finger on his lip whisper, "Hush! she is coming now." But she came no more, as he so fondly expected, although she may have been one of those bright ministering spirits sent forth to minister to him, an heir of salvation.

And at last he seemed, by a mighty effort, to comprehend that she could never return to him, and I took him to her quiet resting place and told him that her body was asleep there, but her soul was happy in Heaven, and if he was good, and loved God and holy things, he should go there to be happy forever. And from that time he delighted most to sit there, and would go alone and stay whole days by the side of her whom we both loved so much. Now the flowers were gathered and arranged on her grave, instead of in the little vase, and he pleased himself by twisting them into garlands, while he softly sung the hymns she had liked best.

But this could not last long. The child was becoming weaker and more fragile every day, and soon I was obliged to bear him home in my arms from the much loved spot. But I noticed with thankfulness that as the body decayed the spirit became brighter, and though I would willingly have kept him with me, for my bereaved heart clung even to his companionship, yet I could not but rejoice that he would be happy forever. I had carried his wasted form home thus one evening, as had become my usual custom, but he returned no more until he was borne thither to his unbroken rest. And I was left alone.

But my buried treasures are not far from me. For, as I look from the window where I am writing, I can see the field of graves, and its grassy beds, and the white head-stones that are set for memory marks by the living for the dead who need them not. But one there is often passed carelessly by, for it contains no eulogy for the world to laud or condemn. The simple letters, "E. H.," cut on the plain marble, stand for both Elsie and her child. This was my dear sister's wish, and while to others it may have but little import, it speaks volumes to me. For when the gentle vernal showers have brought up the early violets, I take dear Edgar's place, and sit there and think calmly of the changes and circumstances of life. And I liken its trials and sorrows to the refining and purifying of gold, which in the furnace of affliction is purged from its earthly dross and fashioned into a precious vessel fit for the Master's use.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

BY ALMA GREY.

I HAVE dreamed of blessed angels
That came down to dwell with men,
Bringing means, and ends, and blessings
Far beyond the mortal ken;
But I never dreamed that evening,
When I gave my hand to yours,
That such angel ones would gather,
In this lovely home of ours;
Guests that come to dwell with mortals
But to teach some holy thing,
Or to guide them on their pathway,
Or some grateful blessings bring.

Never dreamed, my precious husband,
When I gave my life to thee,
That there was another blessing
Heaven could write in store for me.
I had lingered on the pathway
Of life so long alone,
That I'd learned the song of stoics,
Half an infidel had grown!
No sweet prattle of young children
In my household loves had part,
No fond brother or sweet sister,
Had kept light and fresh my heart!

And when thy love was lavished,
'Twere a waste of words to tell
How my lone heart clung unto thee,
And I learned to love, how well!
And I stood before the altar,
Dreaming that alone we'd go,
Fond and loving, through our life-time,
And I sought no more below!

Six swift years of wedded gladness
Number we this blessed morn;
Three sweet birdlings to our home-nest,
Household angels, have been born!
One, an angel in the heavens,
Watches o'er the home on earth,

Where he had no child-abiding,
Only sorrow, love and birth;

One, a light and gladsome creature,
Whose sweet prattle all day long
Makes our hearts all fresh and fragrant,
Fills our life with love and song;
Then another, wee and winsome,
Tender, helpless, trustful thing,
On his mother's breast, a cradler,
Oh! no stoic song she sings!
Household angels, blessed angels!
God foresaw how we should need
More than love for each dear other,
Love of friend for friend indeed:

He foresaw how we should need them,
Other lessons, other laws
Than our own sweet love could give us,
Sweet effect of sweeter cause!
And He sent these infant treasures
From His holy home on High,
We to give them earthly teachings,
They to lead us to the sky!
Father! help us guide them gently,
Guide them wisely, teach them well,
That when mortal meets immortal,
We and they in Heaven may dwell.

Six blest years, my gentle husband,
Are these wedded ones to me,
Blest in all that wife would yearn for,
Blest in all that speaks of thee:
And I thank our Heavenly Father,
Praying Him, too, all the while,
He would make me still more worthy
Of my husband's loving smile;
Make us worthy of His blessing,
In our household, in our store,
And increase His gracious presence,
Till we keep this day no more.

"CHRISTMAS BURS."

BY A. P. C.

SUGGESTED BY VAN BEBBER'S FABLE OF "THE OLD MAN, THE CHILDREN, AND THE BUR-BASKET."

THOUGH rough, dead burs may make no shapely
basket

For Genius' hand to garland with fresh flowers,
They sweetly speak of a joy-laden casket,
With treasure piled in life's full Spring-tide hours.

More they recall: they mind of a rich Summer,
When, if the tempest bruised the foliage more,
'Twas but a transient, sun-created comer,
To make more luscious fruits for Winter's store.

The burs are rough and brown, now; vexing clingers
As, scattered oft, they call unholy curse
From lips that have not learned how truest singers
Cull and combine for their world-moving verse.

Learn all to bless them! for they have their uses,
As have the meanest of created things;
If gone the healing of their bitter juices,
Each holds its germ, heaven-thorned, though
without-wings.

THE WIGGINSES.

JOEL WIGGINS is a "merchant." You will see his sign at No. — Second street. It is a small tin sign, with red letters on a white ground. If I mistake not, the word "Notions" is just under the name.

"What is your husband's business?" asked a prying inquisitive of Mrs. Wiggins, at Newport, last Summer.

"He is a Philadelphia merchant," answered the lady, with dignity.

That of course settled the matter. If a woman doesn't know how to designate her husband, in the name of wonder, who should know? Yes, Mr. Wiggins is a merchant.

"And occupies that handsome store with the brown stone front?"

No, not exactly. If you look a little closer, you will see that Dick & Dixon, Importers, are the occupants of that elegant establishment. You must ascend to the second floor to find our "Notion" merchant.

Bustling, active, self-important Joel Wiggins; there he is, in his curiosity shop, surrounded by things grotesque and arabesque, symmetrical and deformed, useful and ornamental, gathered originally from all parts of the earth. Fire crackers, crying babies, red and white tape, fans, marbles, toys, games, puzzles, masks, hobby horses, porcelain, bisque and Parian figures, motto cups and motto wafers, and—but the inventory is hopeless! If your curiosity is excited on the subject, reader, call at No. — and see for yourself. Wiggins's store is a perfect museum.

Times were prosperous, and the credit of Wiggins was good for anything he wished to purchase. So he bought freely in New York and Boston, as well as from importers in Philadelphia. He sold as freely, on the principle, we suppose, of "come easy, go easy." He had but to select goods, to any amount, and they were promptly delivered, the invoice rendered, and a note at four or six months taken in payment. And as he was treated, so he treated his customers, and they found their way to his "Notion" room from all parts of the country, far and near.

What a splendid business he was doing! Sales mounted upwards, at the rate of seventy, eighty, and one hundred thousand dollars a year, and his profits ranged from ten to forty per cent. Wiggins was getting rich so fast that his head swam as he looked from the sudden height he had obtained. Twenty-five per cent.

clear profit, annually! that was the flattering unction which he laid to his soul, and not very far in the golden distance he saw himself a merchant prince.

Buying on time and selling on time are all very well, if the selling time is shorter than the buying. The reverse is generally the case. It was so with Joel Wiggins. He bought at four, six, and eight months, and sold at six, eight, nine and twelve months. Of course, when his own notes became due he had to meet them by discounts. The two Banks in which he kept his accounts—checking from one and depositing in the other a great many times every day, to indicate active business, just as a doctor with limited practice rides hurriedly about the streets, to indicate the existence of numerous pressing calls—the two Banks gave him a certain "line" of discount, about ten cents on the dollar of his wants. The ninety per cent. was raised "on the street," that is, through bill brokers who represented private money lenders and unscrupulous Bank officers. On this ninety per cent. Wiggins paid at the rate of from one to two-and-a-half per cent. a month, according to the estimated value of paper or collateral which he had to offer.

So affairs went on swimmingly with Mr. Joel Wiggins. He was getting rich fast—"hand over fist," as he sometimes elegantly expressed it. His Bills Receivable and stock of goods showed always a large surplusage over Bills Payable.

With the comfortable feeling consequent upon the fact that money was being so rapidly accumulated, Mr. Wiggins, and Mrs. Wiggins, and Araminta Jane Wiggins, the wife and oldest daughter, naturally enough concluded that it was time to live in a style better agreeing with their position. So the modest, comfortable house in Buttonwood street, at three hundred and fifty dollars a year, was given up, and a stylish affair beyond Broad street rented at eight hundred per annum.

Now, the mere increase of rent from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred a year would not have been so very serious a matter, if the affair could have stopped at the simple removal from Buttonwood street to the West End. But that was out of the question. The single item of new furniture was twenty-five hundred dollars, and the annual increase of expenditure, exclusive of rent, one thousand.

Mrs. Wiggins and Araminta Jane, moreover, attempted the fashionable, and this cost something—not a dime less than another thousand dollars, for shawl, silk, lace and jewelry bills mount up wonderfully fast! No, a thousand dollars is below the mark. It costs a trifle to be fashionable!

Next, a carriage, and next, a country house. They came naturally. A cottage and garden, overlooking the Delaware. That was the climax!

Everything went on charmingly. Mrs. Wiggins and Araminta Jane were at Newport last Summer, bent on making a sensation, and Mr. Wiggins was in Philadelphia, taking care of his payments, which were heavy. Money all at once grew a little tight; Banks were unaccommodating, and Mr. Wiggins found himself obliged to submit to sundry terrible hard shaves in order to "raise the wind." One day his bill broker could get nothing on the paper he had to offer. So he was forced into Third street, where, on "undoubted" collateral, he raised two thousand dollars for two days, at one per cent. a day!

On the next day money was a little tighter. He had five thousand to pay. He got through, but only at a "terrible sacrifice." On the day following he raised three thousand more to lift maturing notes, but not enough to meet the two thousand covered by collaterals, on which he was paying one per cent. a day. That arrangement was continued for two days longer.

Mr. Wiggins began to feel a little uneasy. Plump, on to one of his desponding after-three-o'clock hours, came a letter from Mrs. Wiggins, asking for five hundred dollars. Mr. Wiggins crushed the letter passionately, muttering, "Five hundred devils!" It was unamiable and unconjugal; but he was in trouble, and excited.

On the following day Mr. Wiggins sent his wife one hundred and fifty dollars, with directions to pay off her bills and return with Araminta Jane immediately. Both she and Araminta Jane demurred, and scolded him soundly for his niggardly response to their demand for money. They did not mean to leave until the close of the season. But Mr. Wiggins was in earnest, and he made them comprehend it in another letter. That brought them off by the next boat for New York.

Joel Wiggins was getting frightened. The Banks threw him out altogether, and he was at the mercy of the shavers. But few country merchants had been in, and few of them brought money. Sales were light against an

unusually large stock of goods, which could not be forced on the market and sold at even half their value. His country house had cost him ten thousand dollars. He mortgaged it for five. Tried a second mortgage for three thousand more, but no one bid. It must be sold, then—matters were pressing. Mr. Wiggins announced the fact at home, like one who expected a strife. It came. Mrs. Wiggins and Araminta Jane were astounded and indignant.

"Never!" said Mrs. Wiggins.

"Never!" cried Araminta Jane.

"What will people say at this coming down?" queried Mrs. Wiggins.

"It will kill me!" sobbed Araminta Jane, who had caught a beautiful beau at Newport and was expecting an offer of marriage by every mail.

"They'll say that Joel Wiggins has been living too fast," was answered, bluntly; "and they'll say the truth; I'd no business with a country house yet awhile."

"You'll put down the carriage next, I suppose!" said Araminta Jane, indignantly, "not really meaning to be understood as in dread of that extreme measure, but rather intending her words as a cutting rebuke."

"Just so!" replied Mr. Wiggins, who, now that the ice was broken at the edge of the stream, felt his courage rise into a desperate resolution to go through. "Just so, my dear; the carriage will have to be put down, and Mrs. Wiggins and Araminta Jane must walk, or take sixpenny rides in the omnibus! Necessity knows no law."

We will not describe the scene that followed. Mrs. Wiggins was at first indignant; but after awhile, she calmed down, and hearkened a little to reason. Araminta Jane indulged in a fit of hysterics, from which she did not recover for some hours. But Mr. Joel Wiggins was inexorable.

On the next day the country house was advertised for sale. On the next came the startling announcement of the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company. And then—but the disastrous events that followed are of too recent occurrence to require a word of detail. Joel Wiggins was borne down in the general crash, a fact that will in no way surprise the reader. Mrs. Wiggins was inconsolable for a time; Araminta Jane in despair. Oh, the disgrace of coming down! It seemed as if it would kill them. The carriage went, of course, and with it the caped and banded coachman. The folly had gone that far.

The broken "Notion" merchant, who had kept his carriage, and boasted a country house, called together his creditors, and made an exhibit of his affairs. Alas! The column of assets did not foot up as large as the column of liabilities, by many thousands of dollars. The Discount and Interest account showed a fearful balance on the wrong side. Thirty thousand dollars had been paid for the use of money, in less than four years! Mr. Wiggins owed eighty-three thousand dollars, and his nominal assets were sixty-four! So much for the rich merchant, who had set up his carriage, and sent his wife and daughter to see high life and spend money at Saratoga and Newport! He represents a class, and is rather a favorable specimen; for Mr. Wiggins really meant to be honest, but the inflation of the times led him into error.

The creditors of Mr. Wiggins were not hard on him. They agreed to accept forty cents in the dollar, taking his own notes at six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months, in settlement. A few wanted to close him up. They were outraged at the country house, and carriage part of the business; but the majority pitied poor Wiggins, who was deeply humiliated, and almost ready to shoot himself in despair.

"We must give up this house!" said Mr. Wiggins, on returning home from the meeting of his creditors. He spoke like a man in earnest. Mrs. Wiggins started and flushed; Araminta Jane turned pale.

"Your creditors have not been so exacting, so cruel!"

"Are you nothing but selfish fools!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins, his wrath leaping over all barriers. "Hard! Cruel! They have been kinder than I had dared to hope for!"

"Oh, then we will not be forced to move from here!" sobbed Araminta Jane. "It would kill me. I could never survive the humiliation! You must not think of it, Pa."

"It is thought of and decided," said the resolute Mr. Wiggins. "The bubble has burst, and I am now a bankrupt. We went up like a rocket, and now, we are coming down like the stick."

"But we will economize," said Mrs. Wiggins.

"I know you will, for necessity knows no law," was answered.

"We'll, send away the waiter, and let the chamber-maid attend the door and table."

"The cook can attend to the door, and we'll wait on ourselves at table. It won't be the first time in our lives! I, for one, shall feel relieved. It always annoys me to have a waiter gaping at me while I eat."

Poor Araminta Jane was in despair.

"We can't get all our furniture into a small house," said Mrs. Wiggins.

"Very true," replied Mr. Wiggins. "I've thought of that. We'll have a sale, and get rid of the costly lumber that surrounds us. Plainer furniture will suit better our reduced style of living, and—my honorable purposes."

"A sale! Oh, disgrace! disgrace! Would you kill me, sir?" And Araminta Jane confronted her resolute papa, with the countenance and attitude of a tragedienne.

"You don't seem to have common sense or common decency enough to live in this world, so the sooner you are killed off the better," coldly replied Mr. Wiggins. "I shall have the sale and risk the consequences."

And he did according to his word. The red flag, in less than a week, was unfurled from one of the windows of the handsome West End house; and the humbled and disconsolate Wiggins retired to a meaner abode, in a smaller street, the furniture of which corresponded much better with the condition of a man who could pay only forty cents on the dollar!

Wiggins himself was honest at heart; but the Wigginses in the mass were weak, vain, and pretentious. The suddenness with which they fell from an extreme height stunned and blinded them, and it was some time before a new and better life began to vitalize their actions. It did, however, thanks to the resolute conduct of their head!

There is a lesson in the fall of the Wigginses, and a good many lessons in the way they managed to get along after their fall. With the reader's leave we may look in upon them again, at intervals. We think them worth observing.

THE LAST WORD is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the Sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument.

SUGGESTIONS TO PARENTS;

OR

PASSAGES FROM A FATHER'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN.

* * * I have now succeeded, my dear M—— in obtaining for you the privileges of a good school, and a good temporary home, or boarding place. The influences surrounding you will be, on the whole, I trust, elevating, refining, and excellent. There is only one influence to which you will be exposed in regard to which I entertain any doubts or fears, and that is the influence of those of your associates and schoolmates who are to some considerable extent characterized by a tendency to levity and frivolity, or by an excessive devotion to fun and frolic. These, to a certain extent, are characteristic of all young persons, and there is nothing unbecoming in their being lively and cheerful; but when frivolity and love of fun are predominant in any such, and no taste for any better employment or any higher enjoyment is ever at any time apparent, then we should be disposed to form a rather low estimate of that young person, and to fear that there is a vacuity of mind, and a want of ambition to be somebody and to do something in the world, which ought occasionally, at least, to make some manifestations of its presence in young men and women of sixteen or eighteen years of age, and over.

If any of your companions should have smartness or amiability sufficient to attach you to them, but at the same time spend all their social hours in the most frivolous manner, I wish to put you on your guard as to the influence they may exert upon you. I would account it a most unfortunate result of such companionship, if you should thereby lose any of your taste for higher and better employment of your time, or acquire an increasing fondness for such kind of society. To preserve you against such influences and such results, I know of nothing so likely to be effectual as contrasting your feelings after an hour spent in such company, and those which you have after spending an hour in reading, or increasing your stock of knowledge, or in any of the ways in which you used to spend your time at home. Endeavor never to lose the impression or persuasion; that time spent in frivolous conversation, or in mere fun and frolic, is time but poorly spent. Keep this conviction fresh and firmly fixed in your mind,

and at the same time spend as much of your time as possible in a rational and satisfactory way, and you will thus be preserved, I trust, against being injured by the influence of frivolity and levity in any of your associates.

The great evil of frivolity, whether in young or old, consists in its being a very certain indication of the want of any taste or aspirations for anything better and higher, and in its tendency to prevent the acquisition of any noble or useful qualities of character, or mental possessions. The indulgence of it prevents the growth of tastes for better things, and by its opposition to all sobriety of character, not only prevents the mind and character from growth and upward ascent, but lays it open to the ingress of practices or habits even worse than itself. The character will tend to sink to a lower level always, when there is not an ambition to rise, or at least to preserve the good opinion of parents and others, and at the same time, one's own approbation and self-respect.

Another evil of a predominant habit of frivolity, or of a fondness for fun and frolic, is that it is an almost certain bar to the admission of serious thoughts and impressions. It is the antagonist and preventive of the formation of any lofty purpose, or any noble quality of character. The outward demeanor may be perfectly proper, and there may be amiable traits not a few, but there is generally in such persons a want of principle within, a want of that noble ambition, or desire of improvement, without which there can be no upward and onward progress. * * * * *

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.—Benjamin F. Taylor, the author of "January and June," once said that "she who has been a good daughter, a loving wife, and an old-fashioned mother, is pretty near ready for an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. A home without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the firesides, are like the rose in Sharon."

BULWER'S LITERARY HABITS.

BY D. K. W.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, in a public lecture recently delivered by him, gives the following interesting account of his habits of literary composition. When asked how he could accomplish so much intellectual labor in so short a time, he replied, "I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself; for if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much. I have mixed much in politics, and in the various business of life, and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere above sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study; to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

Few men have attained a lasting literary celebrity equal to that of Bulwer. He is the Lord Byron of prose writers, possessing an imagination of equal brilliancy and force with that poet, and equal judgment and uniform elevation of thought. In early life the moral tone of some of his productions was regarded as objectionable. Some of his heroes were men of rare talents, cultivated intellects, elegant manners, but at the same time accomplished villains, and vice has been supposed to derive consequence, and even apology, from the fascinations he has thus thrown around them. It should be borne in mind, however, that he drew his characters from life, and, if they were correct representations, the author is certainly not responsible for the moral which they may convey. We believe that he makes a faithful transcript of the every-day occurrences of life. We therefore maintain that there must be a moral, and a high one, in all that he writes. If he is truthful, he has the best claim to our respect, and that he is so, every candid reader will admit after a perusal of his works. In his

later compositions there is less enthusiasm, and the style is somewhat more guarded than that of his earlier writings.

His learning is acknowledged by all. He is considered by many a miracle of classical lore; but the best part of his knowledge is his acquaintance with the men and manners of his own times. His mind possesses not only great versatility, but great concentrativeness. Fixing his eagle gaze on the past, he gives us life-like pictures of the stately Roman, polished Greek, and learned Egyptian. Pompeii is disenthralled from its adamantine tomb; the battle-march resounds along the streets of "the seven-hilled city," and the vale of Tempe is again haunted by the Muse. In the great Babel of London we find him perfectly at home, and his pictures, stamped with reality, assure us at a glance of the power and truthfulness of the master-hand which sketches them; nor does the bold outline lack its delicate shade. The whole is natural and beautiful, and carries conviction of originality and just delineation to the mind of every reader. He is remarkably free from those puerilities of thought and expression in which Dickens is so apt to indulge; nor is he apt to shock us with the cold sarcasms of Thackeray. He does not, like James, weary us with a feeble and extended plot, nor, like Carlyle, entangle us in a waste of sounding words. It has been said, with little justice, that Bulwer is no poet, while, in truth, a rich strain of poetry flows through all his prose writings; the poetry of sentiment without metre. His style, though peculiar, is entirely unaffected. Its peculiarity results from the structure of his own mind, and not from any intentional mannerism. His thoughts, like statues, need no useless drapery of language, which would conceal, rather than adorn them. Words, clear, pointed, and appropriate, give us his meaning in an eloquent manner. He is a great writer, a great artist, and, without doubt, one of the greatest geniuses of the age.

In respect to women, Bulwer has two grand ideals, each perfect, each distinct, but totally dissimilar to each other. Florence Lascelles represents the great lady, high-born, ambitious and beautiful, capable of the most entire self-sacrifice, full of sentiment and affection; in short, to use his own language, "a glorious

and unworldly creature." Alice, on the other hand, gentle and simple, adorned with every feminine grace, affectionate and trustful, enduring and forgiving, if less admired, is perhaps better loved than the more gorgeous Florence. Of his male characters there is an endless variety; but each stands by itself, a distinctly drawn portrait, true to life and to the age that gives it birth.

Bulwer is better known to his contemporaries as a man of letters, than as a statesman. Yet his career in Parliament, where he has seldom spoken, has not been undistinguished. He has never been regarded as a leader; probably has never aspired to be one; but his opinions, the result of a large experience, have always been influential. His address is less imposing than his style. The gift of a commanding oratory, in which he is deficient, would have increased his laurels, and rendered him eminent among the most eminent of his contemporaries. *Sed non omnes possumus omnia.* It is enough that among English writers he is unsurpassed for the splendor and variety of his learning, the exuberance of his genius, and the general strength, purity, elevation and elegance of his style.

Now that he has realized all, and probably more than all the literary fame he ever expected, he is disposed to draw aside the veil and inform us by what magical process all this was accomplished. Will his solution of the mystery be believed? It certainly will be. Men occupying his position have no motive to deceive mankind; besides that, his truthfulness is beyond suspicion. It is ascertained, then, that this author, who, within the last quarter of a century, has performed such an astonishing amount of intellectual labor, was not a book-worm, but essentially a man of the world, who, while mingling daily in its scenes, never parted with his character of a close and attentive observer. His modesty prevents him from stating in this connection an important fact, the truth of which, however, is conceded throughout the whole republic of letters, viz; that he owed much of his success in life to the possession of rarer mental endowments than have been vouchsafed to most men who have attained to great usefulness and eminence. But other men gifted with remarkable genius have left no mark upon their age, in consequence of the misdirection of their faculties. They have attracted admiration and provoked surprise by some meteoric bursts of originality, but have conferred no signal and lasting benefits upon society which have caused them

to be regarded through all time with love and veneration. Bulwer was methodical. His literary career commenced from the time of his leaving college. All before was preparation. He now began to act. His plan was to study books, but to study men more. He regarded conversation the great book of the world, which teaches the knowledge of all other books. He was no recluse nor anchorite, but acted with men and for them, and furnishes a striking example of an individual, who, regardless of the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune, devoted himself to a life of letters, and obtained a widespread reputation, founded on his own merits.

In a country like ours, the path to distinction is open to all aspirants, although few in comparison with the number of the competitors grasp the prizes. The course pursued by Bulwer is the proper one by which to attain to greatness and influence in any country. Our public men probably mingle as much in society as he did, but there are many of them who, after leaving college, do not, like him, devote a few hours every day to reading and study, and who wholly neglect writing, unless it falls into the routine of their professional duty, in which case it is merely technical, and contributes little or nothing to the nourishment and expansion of the intellect. The best way for the trained mind to become fully acquainted with any subject is to write upon it. The habit of writing concentrates the attention, and when the attention is once fixed and thoroughly roused, thought follows thought in endless succession, obeying known laws of association, until the subject is exhausted. The reason why so many public speakers have never become eloquent, is because they have neglected to inform their minds by study, and especially by their omitting the beneficial practice of writing out their thoughts; writing not only perfects style, but imparts accuracy and comprehension to thought, and promotes its orderly arrangement, and all these are necessary to successful public speaking. The most finished Parliamentary orators in our country, such men as Pinkney, Webster, Everett, Legare, and many others that might be enumerated, were in the habit of writing out their greatest speeches, if not before, at least after their delivery. Some, nay, many have failed in attaining to eminence by pursuing the opposite course, by studying and writing too much, and speaking too little, and by seldom mingling with their fellow-men at the club-room, on Change, and in the market-place. Such men may theorize well, but they are never practical, and are always behind

the age, instead of being even with, or in advance of it. It is necessary that the mind should sometimes court the shade for purposes of reflection and preparation. If it remains there perpetually, it will dwindle and die like a sickly plant. It must come into the sunlight for purposes of action, and it must dwell more in the light than the shade, if it would thrive and attain a vigorous growth. This is the great secret of success in life. Bulwer understood it, and we see the consequence in the widespread influence he has exerted and still exerts upon society, both English and American, and

in the brilliant and solid reputation he has acquired in the world of letters, and which is more desirable than the rarest statesmanship could impart. Would that our countrymen, or more of them than do it, would at the outset of life adopt the plan pursued with so much advantage by this distinguished scholar, devoting at least three hours in the day to faithful study, and the rest to intercourse with the world and the application of principles to practice. We should, in such case, see fewer pretenders to learning among us, more really great men, and many more useful citizens.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOL.

On this point, Mr. Stowe, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language: "The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together; and as a whole, the Scotch are the most moral people on the earth. Education in England is given separately, and we never have heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the prejudice on this point. In Dublin, a larger number of girls turned out badly who had been educated alone until they attained the age of maturity, than of those who were otherwise brought up; the separation of the sexes has thus been found to be injurious. It is stated, on the best authority, that of those girls educated in the schools of convents, apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose in society and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly

moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principles desired to be avoided. We may repeat that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them, and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this; girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls, are more positively intellectual, by the softening influence of the female character. In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls, from the age of two or three years to that of fourteen or fifteen, have been trained in the same classroom, galleries, and play-grounds, without impropriety; and they are never separated, except at needlework."

ACTION.

Do something! do it soon! with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God, inactive, were no longer blest.
Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,

And kindle in thy heart a flame refined:
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this high purpose; to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And strength to give the praise where all is due.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As Florence Harper left the room in which the singular and exciting interview described in the last chapter took place, and fled in strange alarm from the house, the girl who had admitted her came gliding in with her noiseless step, from the adjoining apartment, and standing before the woman, who yet remained in a partially extatic condition, said :

"Oh, Mother ! This is dreadful, dreadful !"

"What are you saying, child ? What is dreadful ? I see beautiful visions, and hear music of angelic sweetness. I see nothing dreadful. Give me your hands, Adele, dear."

And she reached forth her small hands, so white and thin as to be semi-transparent. But the girl stepped back a single pace, eluding the offered grasp.

"Why don't you give me your hands, child ?" The woman spoke with some impatience.

"Because I would rather keep them in my own possession just now," replied Adele in a low, clear tone, the slight quiver in which showed a disturbed state of feeling.

"You are perverse," said the woman. "The spirits must be consulted. There are evil influences at work."

"They are at work in that Mrs. Fordham, if, as this young lady says, she has stolen a child !" Adele made answer, speaking firmly. "I never liked her. She's wicked !"

"Adele !"

"I believe it, Mother." The girl was resolute. "She tried to get me in her power ; but I was able to resist her, thank God !"

"Daughter ! Daughter ! What is the meaning of this ?" exclaimed the woman, in surprise and displeasure, rising as she spoke, and advancing towards Adele, with the evident belief that if she could get her hands upon her, she could more effectually bring the full power of her strong will to bear in subduing her rebellious spirit. But Adele retreated into the next room, saying in a quick, decided voice,

"I'm getting heart-sick of all this, Mother ! There is in it more of evil than good, I sadly fear. I don't like the people who come here. Some of them may mean all right ; but some of them, I know, mean all wrong ; and your Mrs. Fordham is one of them. And so is Mr.

Dyer. I hate the very sight of him ! He said something to me last night."

"What did he say ?" eagerly asked the mother.

"I can't tell you now, because I promised him that I would not. But if he says it again, I'll dash the first thing into his face that I can lay my hands on."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Adele answered the summons. The very man about whom they were speaking entered. The moment Adele saw him she started back, and running along the passage, escaped from his presence up stairs.

"Mr. Dyer !" said the mother, with a pleased familiarity of manner, singular under the circumstances, to say the least of it. She gave him her hand, which he grasped hard, and retained while they walked back into the darkened parlors.

"Mrs. Weir !" was his simple response. His tone was low, penetrating, agreeable. Let us describe Mr. Dyer. It is the countenance that indicates the man. Chin, mouth, nostrils, eyes, forehead—on these each one writes his character, though he try never so hard to play the hypocrite. The lineaments of the face never lie. But in the present instance, the face was so much hidden by a hairy veil that much of its true expression was concealed. Intellectually, taking his rather low forehead as a guide, Mr. Dyer was not a man of superior endowments. But his small brown eyes, shining out from their hollow recesses, indicated mental activity and alertness. The skin of his face was colorless, and had a bleached appearance, all the lines running down, as if it had been rained upon every day for a dozen years. High up, reaching nearly to the cheek bones, the hairy investure began, and that seemed to have yielded also to the causes which made all the facial lines perpendicular. It was guiltless of curl, or curving line of beauty, but shot down, straight and thick, a dark brown mass, wiry and unsightly. The hair upon his head was long, dry, harsh and straight, lying like the mane of some beast upon his shoulders. His full pouting lips indicated sensuality. Yet even this countenance had been schooled by a sinister purpose, so as to deceive some by its meek expression of goodness.

Mr. Dyer was that intellectual, strong-willed woman's plaything, a biologist—we use one of the names assumed by a modern sect of pseudo-spiritualists—a getter up of circles, and a leader in the insane orgies of mesmerism run mad. He was wonderfully given to trance extacies, and could elevate himself into the highest of the spiritual spheres in a moment and at will. Familiar *tete-a-tetes* with Adam, Noah, Moses, Socrates, Washington, and the world's hosts of worthies and heroes, were had by him daily; and most of them honored him as the medium of important communications to the world. From some cause, however, by the time these communications reached the sphere of nature, they had lost all meaning and coherence. Still Mr. Dyer enunciated them with oracular gravity, and many who listened imagined a deep symbolical meaning.

Not possessing that strong, masculine, reasoning mind, which gives man power over man by virtue of superior intellectual force, and yet having a large share of that bad ambition of which Milton's Satan was a type, Mr. Dyer sought influence over others—females particularly—by means of modern witchcraft, going from house to house, “and leading silly women captive,” and by his devilish arts, withering or destroying the budding germs of rational freedom in little children, whenever they chanced to come within the sphere of his blasting influence. He was one of a bad class of sensualists, whose active propensities gain power by cunning and hypocrisy. It was a day of evil triumph with him, when he discovered that he was a “powerful medium,” and could subdue by means of his strange will the consciousness of sickly, nervous women, and so control the wonderful organism of their spirits as to make them speak and act like mere automatons. It was a vast improvement on Maelzel and Kempelen!

At the time of his introduction to the reader, Dyer had already been the instrument of promoting four separations between husband and wife. He was himself a married man, but having discovered that another, a handsomer, brighter and more attractive woman than his lawful partner, was conjoined to him as to the spirit, and therefore, according to his reading of the matter, his real wife, he had separated himself from the heart-broken woman, against whom he had committed one of the most grievous sins in the crowded calendar of human wrongs. In the eye of the law he was a vagrant, for he had no apparent means of support. But he managed to get his share of

worldly gear from his duped or corrupt admirers. It was sufficient for some of them, that the familiar spirits, or demons, required their favorite instrument to be clothed and fed, and supplied with needful money.

Such was the man whose appearance gave evident pleasure to Mrs. Weir, notwithstanding the intimation of her daughter, just made, that his evil eyes had fallen upon her, and that already his polluting breath had touched her fair young cheek.

As the two entered the parlors, Dyer still holding the woman's hand, he gazed into her eyes with a fixed look, beneath which her own did not quail.

“And what have the spirits been saying to you this morning?” He spoke in a low voice, modulated to musical cadences, and bent his face close to hers. “I can see by the lucid depth and strange ethereal brightness of your eyes, that you have been holding sweet communion with them.”

They sat down upon a sofa, and Mrs. Weir replied,

“New spheres are opening to me. I am anxious to rise higher, higher, into more celestial states; but the spirits are ever teaching me lessons of patience. I am too worldly yet, they say. The dross of this outer sphere is dimming my fine gold, the stain of earth is on my garments. Their low whispers are lingering yet in my ears, and my soul feels the hush of a deep tranquillity.”

“Beautiful! Celestial!” And Mr. Dyer raised his hands in almost saintly benediction.

“Of all this the scoffing world know nothing,” went on Mrs. Weir, murmuring in a soft sweet voice. “It is too gross and sensual, and like the swine tramples on these precious pearls.”

“And still like the swine,” added Dyer, “turns upon and rends us who cast them at its feet.”

“Alas, too true!” Mrs. Weir spoke almost sadly.

“But the spirits sustain us. Their communications are our exceeding great reward,” said Dyer with enthusiasm. “We are not in the world nor of it, but enjoy the glorious privileges of the immortals.”

He leaned closer.

“To the pure all things are pure——”

The door-bell rung, and each gave a start, a shade of disappointment clouding the brightness of their faces.

“Did you expect another visitor at this time?” asked Dyer.

"No," replied Mrs. Weir, as she listened to the light steps of Adele on the stairs and moving along the passage to the door.

Both sat very still, hearkening. A low ejaculation of surprise escaped the lips of Adele. Then were heard the rustling of a woman's garments, and the movement of feet.

Mrs. Dyer and Mrs. Weir arose as the parlor door was pushed open.

"Mrs. Fordham!" exclaimed the latter, as a tall woman in black entered with a slow, stately step, holding by the hand a shrinking little girl, who drew back in partial fear at the sight of strangers. Close behind them was Adele, her usually quiet face now alive with feeling, and her glance fixed with eager interest on the beautiful child. She reached out her hand and said,

"Come, dear!"

But the woman reproved her with a look, and drew the little one closer.

"Mrs. Fordham! Welcome, again!" said Dyer, giving the visitor his hand; "you drop down upon us, as if from cloud-land. I thought you were far away. But who have we here?"

And he stooped a little, carefully examining the child's face.

"A prize—a treasure—a good gift from our generous spirits," answered Mrs. Fordham, as she sat down with the air of one who felt herself at home, and lifted the child upon her lap. Drawing its head down upon her bosom, she made a pass or two with her hand, and the little girl was still as an effigy.

"There never was a more impassible subject," said the woman, "nor one through whom spirits communicate more freely. I saw it in her the instant my eyes rested on her face. Then I consulted the spirits, and they said that she was born to a high mission. But how was she to be brought into the sphere of her holy calling? In common language, she was not mine. I was not the instrument of her birth, and therefore, in the world's regard, had no right to dispose of her. Again I consulted the spirits; the answer was clear. The bars of custom must be thrown down, they said. The child was destined to a high use, and human bonds must not restrain her. For a time the spirit was willing but the flesh weak. I hesitated; held back; doubted; but clearer and clearer came the indications. At last all communication was withdrawn from me. I asked, but received no answer; again and again I called to my old and dear companions; but not even a faint, far-off echo was returned to my half-despairing cry. Then, and not till

then, I yielded. I sent forth my thought and affection toward this child—this beloved one of the spirits—and drew her toward me. Though distant, as to the body, I felt that my hands were upon her, and that she was approaching. And she came, in good time—came and threw herself into my arms—a young devotee to this new science, a neophyte priestess for service at the altar in that grand spiritual temple, the walls of which are towering upward to Heaven."

Mrs. Fordham's eyes gradually assumed an upward angle; a wrapt expression came into her face; her voice was deep and muffled by feeling.

"Precious darling! Chosen one! Beloved of the angels!" said Mrs. Weir, bending over the little girl, who now lay in a trance-sleep against the woman's bosom.

"Will the spirits communicate through her now?" asked Dyer.

"Let me inquire of them!" answered the woman. And she relapsed into a state of real or apparent cessation of all exterior consciousness. Ten minutes of almost pulseless silence followed, the child still lying in its strange, unnatural sleep.

"They will speak," said Mrs. Fordham, in a deep, yet hushed tone. Then she laid her hand gently on the colorless face of the child-medium, and held it there for the space of several seconds. A few light passes followed. The child caught her breath, with slight convulsive spasms of the chest and limbs, while a most painful expression saddened her gentle face.

"Dear child!" murmured Mrs. Weir.

"It is the strife in her soul, of evil spirits against the good," said Mrs. Fordham. "She is not yet wholly purified for her great mission. Happily for her, the battle is fought in states of unconsciousness. She is spared all suffering."

"The spirits love and protect her," said Dyer.

"They love and protect their own; and she is theirs," answered Mrs. Fordham.

As she spoke she raised the child to a sitting posture. Her eyes were still closed, and the look of sadness and suffering yet remained. Dyer drew a chair and sat down directly in front of her. Mrs. Weir took another and did the same, but arose immediately, and looking to the opposite side of the room, said,

"Come, Adele, bring a chair and sit down with us."

But Adele neither answered nor stirred.

"Daughter, did you hear me!" Mrs. Weir's voice was firmer.

"I do not wish to come into the circle," replied Adele.

"Don't be foolish, child, come," said Mrs. Weir.

"No, Mother, I wish to be excused."

Mrs. Weir was moving across the room towards her daughter, when Dyer said,

"Stop, Madam! Let us consult the spirits."

Mrs. Weir came back.

"Mrs. Fordham, ask the spirits about this strange perverseness," said Dyer.

The woman closed her eyes and sat quite still for a minute.

"The spirits require the circle to be harmonized," was Mrs. Fordham's decision.

"You must come, Adele!" Dyer spoke half authoritatively.

But Adele stood as firm as marble.

"Adele!" Mrs. Weir's voice, now sharp and commanding, thrilled through the rooms.

"There are other spirits besides Mrs. Fordham's familiars, and they tell me not to harmonize her circle to-day," answered Adele, speaking very calmly, and with meaning emphasis.

"They are evil, lying spirits!" exclaimed Dyer, with excitement.

"From the infernal spheres," said Mrs. Fordham, solemnly. "I am afraid, Mrs. Weir, that syrens are seeking to possess your daughter, that they may utterly destroy her."

"Adele, come! Flee to us quickly!" cried Mrs. Weir, in a tremor of excitement, stretching forth her hands.

"My spirits are true, and I believe them!" answered the girl, resolutely. And she stood immovable.

"The spirits will not communicate unless the circle is harmonized," said Mrs. Fordham, with ill-concealed impatience.

"Let the perverse creature withdraw, then." Mr. Dyer spoke sharply.

"Go!" said Mrs. Fordham, waving her hand. But Adele stirred not.

"Go!" repeated her mother.

There was not a sign of obedience.

"All things must harmonize, or the spirits will not answer. If the girl will not come into the circle, she must leave the room." It was Mrs. Fordham who spoke.

"The spirits tell me to remain, and I will obey them!" said Adele, with unwavering firmness.

"They are bad spirits!" Dyer almost thundered out the words, his pent-up anger and im-

patience getting the better of his self-control.

"Lying spirits!" shrieked Mrs. Fordham, catching the excitement of the man.

"Who is to decide?" asked Adele calmly.

"Heaven's messenger!" said Mrs. Weir, pointing to Mrs. Fordham. "It is through her that the spirits of the higher spheres descend."

"Heaven's messengers don't rob mothers of their children!" Adele answered. "If there are lying spirits in the case, they have found access to her ears, not mine!"

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Dyer, starting to his feet, "what does the girl mean!"

Mrs. Fordham's self-imposed calmness all departed, and the fire in her eyes shot out towards Adele like serpent tongues. With three or four quick passes, she restored the little girl who sat in her lap to a half dreamy consciousness of real things, and then taking two or three strides towards the door, said, glancing over her shoulder,

"The same room, Mrs. Weir?"

"The same," was answered, and woman and child disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

"You needn't stand glowering upon me after that fashion, John Dyer!" said Adele, after Mrs. Fordham and the child had left the room. "I know you, sir!"

"Silence!" was the passionate response, and —

"Silence!" was repeated, though in feebler utterance, from the mother of Adele.

"That is a wicked woman!" said the girl, resolutely. "There is a serpent in her eyes. I saw it when she was last here; and it looks out with keener venom now. Mother! Beware of her!—and—" she hesitated a moment, and then went on in a bolder tone—"beware of him! There is an adder in your path—one step more, and it will sting you to death!"

She pointed her finger steadily at Dyer, and stood gazing at him until his eyes fell in confusion. Then she passed from the room with rapid, but noiseless feet, gliding away like a spirit.

"An enemy hath done this," said Dyer, almost meekly, turning to the mother of Adele.

"You have slumbered, I fear, and let the evil one scatter tares in your field."

"I know not its meaning," sighed Mrs. Weir. "This morning I noted the first signs of a perverse temper."

"What were the signs?" Dyer looked sharply into her face, reading every changing lineament, as if he were scanning the pages of a book. There was slight confusion, and a moment's hesitation on the part of Mrs. Weir. She then answered,

"I desired to take her hand, and lead her up among the beauteous mountains, but she held back. I urged, and she refused. She then acknowledged having resisted Mrs. Fordham in the same way, when that honored messenger made my house bright with her presence. Oh! it is distressing me beyond utterance."

"Can you trace the cause?" inquired the man.

"No."

"Your sphere is not strong enough."

"Who has a stronger sphere than Mrs. Fordham?" queried the mother. "She has set her at defiance also; nay, her power of resistance just now proved more than our combined influence was able to overcome."

"I can do it!" said Dyer, after a pause. "Leave her in my hands. I will exorcise the spirits of evil."

"Your sphere repels her."

Dyer was on the alert again, and his keen glances were upon the face of his companion.

"Has she said so?"

"Yes." And you heard her strange language just now.

"Well? What further?"

"I have nothing further. We know that antagonistic spheres exist."

"True—true—" the man seemed relieved. "She has compared me to a serpent. But I know my own heart. Evil, be thou far from me! Come, angelic purity! As we draw nearer the invisible world we grow more ethereal, and the coarseness of depraved nature is dissipated in the fire of divine affinities. To the pure all things—"

The ringing of the door-bell again interrupted their pleasant communion, and in a few moments they were joined by two visitors—females—who met Dyer and Mrs. Weir in a manner that showed them to be on terms of close familiarity.

In the meantime the woman Fordham had retired with the child to one of the chambers above, her mind deeply disturbed by the unexpected incident of Adele's opposition to the necromantic rites about being instituted—so much disturbed, that she was unable to prolong the spell she wished to throw over the consciousness of the little girl, who momentarily became more and more distressingly alive to the strangeness of her position.

"O ma'am," she said in pleading tones, as the woman shut the door on entering the chamber, "Won't you take me home! Mother is crying for me. I heard her crying all last night. O, dear! I do want to go home to my mother."

"Don't fret yourself, child!" replied the woman, a little harshly. "You shall go home."

"Take me home now, won't you? I don't like to be here. You promised me yesterday that I should go home before night. Oh, ma'am, do take me home now!"

The little clasped hands were raised pleadingly, the husky voice quivered, the pale face had in it a look of fear and distress that would have melted any heart not made hard, by selfish passions, as the nether millstone.

"You shall go home, dear!" said the woman, softening her voice, and assuming an affectionate manner. "You shall see your mother to-night."

And she tried to lift her upon her lap, but the child resisted and held back. Then the woman seized her by both arms, and held her firmly, looking into her eyes, and exerting the serpent's power of fascination.

The child stood still, held by a grip too strong for resistance, but she let her eyes fall.

"Look at me!" commanded the woman. But the glance she hoped to catch and hold in her weird gaze did not turn itself from the floor.

"Look at me! Do you hear!" And the woman placed one hand under the little girl's chin and forced her face upwards. But instead of looking at the woman, the child shut her eyes.

Holding her thus, Mrs. Fordham commenced with one hand a series of mesmeric passes; but the child struggled and tried to escape from her. A blow was evidently meditated, for there was a quick raising of one hand, accompanied by an angry flash sweeping over the woman's face. But the cruel purpose was repressed.

"What has come over the girl!" she muttered, impatiently. "Am I thus to be baffled again? I did not look for it here! But down, excitement! If I would regain my power it must be through calmness and a resolute will."

Releasing the child, who instantly shrunk away to the further side of the room, Mrs. Fordham assumed an unimpassioned manner, but kept her gaze steadily resting upon her victim.

The woman sat on the bed-side, and the child stood pale, trembling, and in tears,

crouching against the wall directly opposite. Everything became silent and motionless as death. The child did not look up, but steadily persisted in avoiding the gaze of her persecutor. But the powers of evil were too strong; there was an eye upon her that possessed a charm too potent for her to withstand; she was a frightened bird struggling, but in vain, against the fascination of a serpent. One, two, three minutes passed—all remained hushed as if statues and not living forms were in the room. At last the woman stirred slightly, as though the inner excitement had struggled through all restraining bars and shuddered along the surface; her head gradually bent forward, and her eyes protruded fearfully. And now there was an apparent relaxation of muscle in the child. Evidently, her will was losing its faculty of resistance. A minute more, and the woman began approaching, with the stealthy movements of a cat, her eyes still fixed intently upon the girl. Cautiously and as if in doubt, she laid her hand against her cheek, touching it lightly. The child did not stir! She pressed the hand harder—there was no sign of consciousness! She called—there was no answer!

Suddenly a new life seemed thrilling along the woman's veins. Her countenance flashed; her eyes danced in light; her whole person quivered. Stooping over the child, she lifted her with some caution, as if fearing the spell might dissolve, bore her across the room and laid her upon the bed. Then she made slow passes above her for the space of nearly five minutes.

"All right!" she muttered, as a glow of evil triumph warmed her disfigured face, and her thin lips parted in a demoniac smile. "It was a hard struggle; but a vain one! There is an opposition of spheres in this house, and the medium of its activity is Adele Weir. Twice has she set me at defiance; twice thwarted the spirits. It must not occur again. Am I to be set at nought by a stripling of a girl like this?"

After standing over the unconscious child for some time longer, and using sundry tests to make sure that she was completely locked in magic slumber, Mrs. Fordham turned away and passing through the door, closed it, and was going down stairs, when a slight noise caught her ear. Glancing up in the direction from which it came, she caught sight of Adele watching her from the passage above. It was only a momentary glimpse; for on finding that she was observed, Adele retired from sight instantly.

Mrs. Fordham paused—stood thinking for a little while—and then slowly returned to the room. She entered and examined the lock on the inside. It held a key. This was removed and passed into the wards on the other side.

"Thus I make sure doubly sure," she said to herself, again closing the door, which she locked, placing the key in her pocket. She then went down to the parlor.

"How is our little trance-medium?" asked Dyer, as she entered.

"All right," was answered. "Spirits from the lower spheres have battled hard for her, but the strife was vain. She is safe."

"I congratulate you on the triumph," said Mrs. Weir, enthusiastically. "She is a lovely child," was added, with a touch of mother-feeling in her voice.

"The most remarkable child-medium I have yet seen." Mrs. Fordham looked at the two visitors before mentioned. "The communications received through her are extraordinary. I am taking record of them daily, and their publication will astonish the world. Society is on the eve of some new developments. It is the night before the morning."

"Is she tranquil?" asked Mrs. Weir.

"Entirely so."

"Sleeping?"

"All the avenues to her soul are locked, and I have the key," said Mrs. Fordham, with triumph in her tones. "Hark!" She paused and listened, her eyes raised to the ceiling. After a few moments of silence, she went on. "I thought there was a movement in the room above. But it was imagination, I presume."

"Is there no danger of her awakening?" asked one of the visitors.

"None: only the hand that shut the door of her soul's consciousness can open it again."

"How wonderful is this power!" said the last speaker. "I tremble, sometimes, to think what terrible consequences might follow its abuse."

"There is no danger of its abuse," returned Mrs. Fordham.

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it."

"None but the favored of spirits are entrusted with this power," said Dyer; "and they are protected."

"Will not the spirits speak through her today?" asked one of the visitors.

"I do not know. There have been opposing influences; but I trust they are removed. In half an hour we will go up to where she is

lying in trance-sleep; and perhaps the spirits will move her to utterance."

"Is she a speaking or writing medium?" was asked.

"Speaking. Whenever her lips are unclosed, it seems as if you heard a spirit talking."

Half an hour was permitted to elapse, and then Mrs. Fordham, Dyer, Mrs. Weir, and the two visitors passed with hushed footsteps up to the chamber. At the door, Mrs. Fordham paused, and speaking to Mrs. Weir, said,

"Your daughter must not be permitted to enter. The circle cannot be harmonized if she is present."

"I will see to it," was whispered back.

The door was then unlocked, and the company entered, each one with suspended breath. Mrs. Fordham preceded, but ere she had gone half across the room, an exclamation of surprise and disappointment fell from her lips. The child was not there! In less than half a minute every part of the chamber was searched, but no sign of the missing one appeared.

"She may have thrown herself from the win-

dow!" said Mrs. Weir, blank terror in her countenance at the thought.

The window was opened, but no form lay on the ground beneath.

"Where is your daughter?" demanded Mrs. Fordham.

Mrs. Weir stepped to the door, and called "Adele!" Twice—thrice she called—but only echo replied.

"It is her work!" exclaimed Mrs. Fordham, roused to mad excitement.

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Weir. "Adele! Adele!" Her voice went thrilling through the house.

"Search everywhere, from garret to cellar!" Mrs. Fordham spoke in a commanding voice, and then went striding up stairs, and sweeping like a storm from room to room. Chambers, attics, lumber rooms, closets, cellar and out-buildings, they searched with scrupulous care, but neither Adele nor the child were found. Both had vanished from the house, leaving no sign.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WITHERED BUDS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

NATURE's voice, with sadness fraught,
Stirs the deepest fount of feeling;
Zephyrs, redolent with thought,
O'er my Spirit-harp are stealing.
Stealing till each slender string,
Nenth their thrilling touch is quivering,
Like the tender leaves of Spring
In the chilly night-winds shivering.
Autumn's breath through blighted bowers,
Mournful as a dirge is sighing;
Ev'n the tiny way-side flowers,
One by one, are sadly dying.
Darkly o'er the yellow lea,
Shadows of the year are straying,
Types of frail Humanity,
Emblems of our own decaying.
O! they 'mind me of a band,
Round my path who used to rally,
Gathered now, where marbles stand,
Thick and cold, on hill and valley.
Eyes that then were soft and bright,
Dim and sightless now, are sleeping
Where the wild winds roam at night,
And the stars their watch are keeping.
Spring will wave her magic wand,
Summer yield its rich infusion,
Robes of green will deck the land,
Flowerets bloom in sweet profusion;

But the friends for whom I mourn
Will return no more! nor token
Greet me from that silent bourne,
Of the love so rudely broken!

What! are thoughtless, senseless flowers
Thus the noblest life to distance?
Man of such exalted powers
Rivalled by a weed's existence!
O! if naught of life remain
When the mortal fibrils sever,
It were better to have lain
In oblivion's lap forever.

Better that the first faint breath
Had been one deep inspiration
Of that strange narcotic, Death,
From the wastes of non-creation.
Midnight blackness! Folly worse;
Insult to the Great All-seeing,
To affix extinction's curse
On Creation's noblest being.

Heaven and earth may pass away,
Sun and Moon forget their duty,
But those treasured forms of clay
Will awake in living beauty.
Then, transplanted human worth
Will survive the bloom that's vernal,
And those withered buds of earth
Blossom into Life Eternal.

MRS. CHILD AND MISS HOSMER.

It takes genius to appreciate genius. To common minds it is difficult to look past the exterior, and find the aspiring soul throned calmly within. So we thought in reading Mrs. Child's communication, in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, occasioned by the arrival of Miss Harriet Hosmer's statue of Beatrice Cenci. The eccentricities of the young girl had repelled rather than attracted. She was too independent of conventionalities; too masculine in her habits; too much given to isolation. She was not feminine, as the word goes, nor social with ordinary minds. Indeed, she displayed to the full the eccentricities of genius, and was as much a cause of trouble to those who had charge of her in youth, as was the brood of ducklings to the mother hen.

Mrs. L. Maria Child was one of those who looked on with the interest of genius watching the development of genius, and seeing in the eccentricities of Miss Hosmer but the upward struggles of a soul born with impulses and aspirations that were higher and nobler than those of the sensual masses. And now she gives us this beautiful record of her thoughts, and this eloquent tribute to the young artist. She says:

"The energy, vivaciousness, and directness of this young lady's character attracted attention even in childhood. Society, as it is called, that is, the mass of humans, who are never alive in real earnest, but congratulate themselves and each other upon being mere stereotyped formulas of gentility or propriety, looked doubtfully upon her, and said, 'She is so peculiar!' 'She is so eccentric!' Occasionally I heard such remarks, and being thankful to God whenever a woman dares to be individual, I also observed her. I was curious to ascertain what was the nature of the peculiarities that made women suspect Achilles was among them betraying his disguise by unskilful use of his skirts; and I soon became convinced that the imputed eccentricity was merely the natural expression of a soul very much alive and earnest in its work.

" 'She could not hide

The quickening inner life from those that watch. They saw a light at the window now and then; They had not set it there. Who had set it there?

* * * They could not say
She had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly they objected and demurred."

"This aroused in me a most earnest hope that the fire in her young soul might not expend itself in fitful flashes, but prove its divinity by burning brightly and steadily. Here was a woman who, at the very outset of her life, refused to have her feet cramped by the

little Chinese shoes which society places on us all and then misnames our feeble tottering feminine grace. If she walked forward with vigorous freedom, and kept her balance in slippery places, she would do much toward putting those crippling little shoes out of fashion. Therefore I fervently bade her God-speed. But, feeling that the cause of woman-kind had so much at stake in her progress, I confess that I observed her anxiously.

"The art she had chosen peculiarly required masculine strength of mind and muscle. Was such strength in her? I saw that she began wisely. She did not try her 'prentice hand' on pretty cameos for breast-pins, or upon ivory heads for parasols and canes. Evidently sculpture was, with her, a passion of the soul, an earnest study, not a mere accomplishment destined to be the transient wonder of drawing-rooms. She made herself thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, not merely by the aid of books and the instructions of her father, but by her own presence in dissection rooms. She took solid blocks of marble to her little studio in the garden, and alone there, in the early morning hours, her strong young arms chiselled out those forms of beauty which her clairvoyant soul saw hidden in the shapeless mass.

"She tried her hand on a bust of the first Napoleon, intended as a present for her father. This proved that she could work well in marble and copy likenesses correctly. Her next production was a bust of Hesper, the Evening Star, in which poetical conception of the subject was added to mechanical skill. Soon after the completion of it, she went to Rome to pursue her studies with the celebrated and venerable English sculptor, Mr. Gibson. From that land of marbles, she sent us Medusa, and Daphne, Enone, and Puck. These were beautifully wrought, and gave indications of a poetic mind. They proved an uncommon degree of talent; of that there could be no doubt. But did they establish Miss Hosmer's claim to genius? In my own mind, this query remained unanswered. I rejoiced that a woman had achieved so much in the most manly of the arts. I said to myself—

" 'It was in you—yes,

I felt 'twas in you. Yet I doubted half
If that od-force of German Reichenbach,
Which still from female finger-tips burns blue,
Could strike out like the masculine white-heats,
To quicken men."

"When I heard that she was modelling a statue of Beatrice Cenci, in her last slumber on earth, before the tidings of approaching execution was brought to her miserable cell, I felt that the subject was admirably chosen, but difficult to execute. I hastened to look at the statue as soon as it arrived in Boston. The query in my soul was answered. At the first glance I felt the presence of genius; and the more I examined, the more strongly was this

first impression confirmed. The beauty of the workmanship, the exquisite finish of details, the skilful arrangement of drapery to preserve the lines of beauty everywhere continuous, were subordinate attractions. The expression of the statue at once riveted my attention. The whole figure was so soundly asleep, even to its fingers' ends; yet obviously it was not healthy, natural repose. It was the sleep of a body worn out by the wretchedness of the soul. On that innocent face suffering had left its traces. The arm that had been tossing in the grief-tempest, had fallen heavily, too weary to change itself into a more easy posture. Those large eyes, now so closely veiled by their swollen lids, had evidently wept, till the fountain of tears was dry. That lovely mouth was still the open portal of a sigh, which the mastery of sleep had left no time to close.

"Critics may prove their superiority of culture by finding defects in this admirable work, or in imagining that they find them. But I think genuine lovers of the beautiful will henceforth never doubt that Miss Hosmer has a genius for sculpture. I rejoice that such a gem has been added to the Arts. Especially do I rejoice that such a poetical conception of the subject came from a woman's soul, and that such finished workmanship was done by a woman's hand.

"Man doubts whether we can do the thing
With decent grace we've not yet done at all.
Now do it! Bring your statue! You have room.

He'll see it, even by the starlight here.

* * * * * There is no need to speak.
The universe shall henceforth speak for you;
And witness, she who did this thing was born
To do it—claims her license in her work."

The Cenci has been purchased for a public Library in St. Louis, whither it will be removed after being exhibited for a short time in New York. It is related of the artist, that in the arrangement of the drapery of the statue she labored long and hard for that exact truth to nature, without which she could not be satisfied. At last she came nearer to her ideal; but not fully assured, she directed the eyes of Mr. Gibson to her work. He did not approve, and she obliterated it, and left the studio. But not in despair. She went to bed that night, though not to sleep. Thought was too active. At last the true image came, and rising at midnight, she repaired to her studio, where she worked for many hours—more than twelve, we believe. "That will do!" said Mr. Gibson, when she again asked for his criticism.

But long fasting, excitement, and labor proved too much for the young enthusiast. She went home and remembered nothing more for weeks. A brain fever prostrated her system and came near striking from the galaxy of American artists a bright, particular star.

SNOW-DROP.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

AUTUMN, with her golden tresses
Cloud-bedraped and drenched with rain,
Hangs her amber-tinted mantle
Over hill-top, vale and plain;
Trails her saintly garments ever,
Where sweet Summer lieth slain.
But to us there comes no Autumn,
Frost, nor storm-cloud, nor decay
And from out our hearts the terror
And the grief have passed away,
For one little tender blossom
Lives, and blooms for us to-day.
Oh! we cannot feel the sadness
Of the earth's departing bloom;
Cannot miss the birds and flowerets,
Or perceive the gathering gloom,
Since our precious one is rescued
From the shadow of the tomb.
Sweeter to our ears than bird-notes
Are the words her dear lips speak;
Freshest roses are up-springing
On her little pallid cheek;
And her blue eyes! gentle beaming,
Show a spirit pure and meek.
When we feared that she was going
To the "unknown, silent shore,"

That her voice, and love, and presence,
Might be with us nevermore,
Oh, such bitterness of sorrow
We had never known before!

True, we knew the pitying Saviour
All our anguish could behold,
That He would, our snow-white lambkin
To His loving heart enfold;
But, how could we give her body
To the darkness and the cold?

We so love her outward seeming,
Love the delicate form she bears,
The soft clasp of her small fingers,
And the trustful smile she wears;
'Tis not strange the lily's covering
Still should claim our tenderest cares.

We have often asked each other
If 'twere wrong to love her thus;
But our hearts can only answer,
"She is all the world to us;"
So we pray that God, in mercy
Would avert the threatened blow,
Or permit us with our darling
Through the shadowy vale to go.
Canton, Pa. Nov. 10th. 1857.

"TIRED! TIRED!"

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Nor happy, Reta!"

"No, not happy, Celia."

She said it with a slow, wistful sort of tone, as though her heart spoke the words, rather than her lips, and she rested her forehead on her hand, in a weary, hopeless sort of manner that was more touching than her words.

The first speaker looked up from the tidy she was so industriously netting—Celia Wright's movements were always rapid.

"Has anything happened to you, Reta?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, for what reason in the world are you unhappy?"

"I cannot answer you, Celia, only I know it is so. I'm tired; tired of life, and of the labor of living. Each day is a great burden to me, that oftentimes, God forgive me, I long to lay aside."

"Well, Lucretia English, I think it's very wrong, very wicked, to talk after this fashion. Haven't you fame, fortune, and friends, the gifts that the world prizes most? Doesn't everybody envy you? I don't see, indeed, that there is anything left for you to ask or desire. Life has been a success with you, and how very few there are can say this; and you, Reta, are still in the dew of your youth, and the laurels that crown you would do honor to gray hairs and wrinkled foreheads."

It was not often that Celia Wright indulged in anything as poetical as the close of this speech, for she was a thoroughly practical, common sense person, as unlike her friend, Lucretia English, in character, sentiment and emotion, as two bosom friends usually are.

They were both in the twenty-fourth Autumn of their lives on the day that I introduce them to you, and more than a score of these years had elapsed in the quaint old village of Weybridge, where Lucretia English and Celia Wright had been schoolfellows, playmates, and friends, intimate and dearly beloved, since the days of their infancy. Celia's father had, by some fortunate speculation, secured quite a fortune, and removed to the city. Soon after this Lucretia's grandfather died—she was an orphan, and had lived with him from her infancy—and she was adopted by a wealthy

but childless aunt and uncle, who, although they had taken no notice of her existence for many years, were now very proud of their gifted niece, and lavished upon her every care and luxury which wealth and a certain kind of half selfish love could bestow.

Lucretia, or Reta, as most of her friends called her, was gifted. The glowing thoughts that throbbed from under those delicate fingers stirred with their mysterious magnetism the learned and the unlearned, the hearts of strong men and of little children, and the name of the young authoress was a sound familiar and beloved in palace and in cottage.

The morning on which Reta had come to her friend was a wild, gloomy one, with an occasional outflashing of sunshine, like kind, generous deeds breaking through a life mostly dark and evil, and Reta, whose inspiration was very susceptible to elemental influences, had vainly endeavored to write.

Neither of the two girls who sat together in that fair front chamber was pretty, but both were fine looking, while the style of each was unlike as their characters.

Celia's features were irregular, but pleasing and vivacious. There was a good deal of decision about the well shaped mouth, and much of humor and high spirit in the sparkling of her large grey eyes, while her florid complexion was the very seal and token of health itself.

Wholly unlike this was Reta English. Her face was thin and pale, though the features were delicately cut, with a languid, introverted expression, much like an invalid's. The mouth was flexible, and when set in a smile very beautiful; the forehead was broad and low, and overarched with bands of dark silky hair. The eyes, of a brownish hazel, would not have struck you at all in a crowd, or if they had been suddenly raised to look at you with their half conscious, half dreaming gaze, but if you had seen them in some moment of joy, or excitement, or inspiration, when they glowed, dilated, brightened, then you would have pronounced the eyes of Reta English lustrous, corruscant, beautiful above the eyes of all beautiful women that you had ever beheld.

"I can't contradict a word of all you say, Celia, for it is truth; and has the solid ring of common sense, as everything has that comes from your well balanced mind. But you don't know"—and Reta shook her head slowly, with her eyes studying the flowers on the carpet.

"What don't I know," asked Celia, half pettishly, half anxiously, for she loved her friend tenderly, and it both annoyed and pained her to see Reta unhappy.

"You don't know what it is to be a genius," said Reta, springing from her seat and walking rapidly up and down the room; and her pale face kindled, and the light in her eyes was like the light of a tropical sunrise; "you don't know what it is to have this weight of needs and aspirations flung on the feeble frame of a woman; to have nerves whose very sensibility is at times a torture. You tell me that others envy me, never thinking because I enjoy the most so must I suffer most, because this very ideality, which is the predominant faculty of my nature, and which is the bright, playful sprite that gives me at times such hours of ecstatic enjoyment, turns often into a fiend, that haunts and curses me. Oh! Mrs. Hemans knew what it was, or that song would never have wailed out from her lyre:

"But who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word."

Reta said this standing still before her friend, every line of her face flashing with enthusiasm that broke down into a sob with the last word, and the young authoress buried her head in her friend's lap, murmuring, "Blame me, if you must, Celia, but pity me too."

And Celia passed her hand over the silky hair, while the thought broke dimly into her mind that there might be a cause for all Reta's unhappiness, which even her common sense could not fathom, and that genius was, after all, a fearful inheritance; that its crown of bays was set very thick with thorns; and she said, more tenderly than usual, for Reta was the more demonstrative of the two, "I didn't intend to blame you, dear, only I don't like to have you indulge these feelings. The truth is, you ought to take more exercise, and not write so much."

Reta looked up with a faint smile: "That's what they all tell me. Do you remember, Celia, the old pear tree at the back of our house, where we used to sit in the Summer afternoons, and where you listened, and wondered, and laughed at my queer fancies, when I told you I should one day be famous? I can

see the light and shadows making mosaic work on the grass every time the wind rocked the branches, and I can see dear Grandpa standing in the back door of the old yellow-brown house, with the thin grey hairs about his temples.

"Well, the dreams have all come true, now, but I wish every day I was a little girl again, sitting under the old pear tree and dreaming the sweet dreams of my childhood, that, all realized, only find me *tired! tired!*"

And Celia did not answer. Sitting there, she looked down on the fair head lying in her lap, and felt for the first time that all her common sense and practical philosophy had failed her; she felt, moreover, there were no balms of Arabia, no balsams of India to cure the soul of her friend. Alas! alas! under no Egyptian palms or Italian pines grow the leaves for such healing, but they fill with their soft aroma the winds amid which the angels walk, and purple with their blossoms the hills where the "Beloved" sing the hosannahs of eternity!

There was a low knock at the door, and then a bowed, wrinkled old woman entered, with a pipe in her mouth. She was somewhere in the last quarter of a century of years, and was aunt to Celia's grandfather.

She was grey and withered, this old woman, whom they all called Aunt Prisoilla, and who moved about the house with tread silent as a ghost's, but all these years had not quenched the light of her eyes or the warmth of her smile. She knit, and smoked, and told stories of her youth which had a quaint interest and charm for all who heard them. She was a great favorite with Reta, who always fancied old people, and liked to walk amid the twilight of their memories.

"See here, Annty," said Reta, as the old woman seated herself on a low stool close by the grate-fire, "you must be a great deal wiser than either of us, because you are so much older. Now, can't you tell us what is the best remedy when one is tired and sick of life, without any particular cause, you know, but just because one can't help it?"

The old woman removed the pipe from her lips, and struck out the grey ashes slowly against the grate-bars, while Reta leaned forward so that she might not lose a word. "Well, my children, when you get tired of life, and of yourselves, *just try to live for others*. It's the word of an old woman who has had a good many of the best gifts the world has to offer, and trust me there's nothing that sets all the troubles right, and shakes off the cold,

and gloom that will gather about the heart, like this doing good to your fellows, and making them happy."

"Well, I'm sure you do this every time you write a story, Reta," interposed Celia, who felt that Aunt Priscilla had not solved the problem, after all.

But Reta looked thoughtful. "I don't know, Celia; perhaps this writing isn't *all* my duty, and then, it isn't good or healthful to live too much in one's self, and may be I don't get away from mine enough. But I don't know of anybody whom I can make happy, for every one tries to do this for me. How I wish I did!"

Just then the door-bell rang suddenly, and a moment later there was a message for Reta. Some friends of her aunt's had just arrived from the South, and were very anxious to see the authoress. She must return home.

Reta would much rather have remained in Celia's cosy chamber, and chatted away the morning with her and the old woman, instead of being stared at by strangers; but it would have been very rude to refuse to see her guests. So, with a sigh, she put on her shawl and bonnet, kissed Celia, and followed the domestic out into the chill and stormy wind of that November day.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me a penny, to buy little Sister an orange? She's kept crying for one all day, and she's very sick, and so is Mamma, and we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday noon."

Reta was hurrying along when the child stopped her with this appeal. She was naturally tender-hearted, but one gets accustomed to things of this kind in the city, and soon grows to look upon all beggars as impostors, so I hardly think she would have paused in her haste, to listen to the child, if the words of Aunt Priscilla had not been running in her mind.

He was a miserably dressed, woe-begone looking little fellow, whose life could not have struck up much beyond its eighth year. His coat and pants were faded and ragged, and his cheeks pale with want and suffering; and the tears stood still upon them. And yet, as Reta looked earnestly into his uplifted face, she felt the child was not a common street beggar. His face had a more delicate, refined expression than we usually find in these, and the hair of burnished gold that strayed from under his straw hat gave it a kind of picturesque character. Then, his manner was so shy, you felt he had not been accustomed to solicit charity.

"Where do you live, little boy?" and there was pity in Reta's soft tones.

While he was naming the house and the alley, the domestic who accompanied the young lady whispered in her ear: "These beggars is all a set of thieves and vagabonds, ma'am, and his folks has sent him out with this pitiful story, just to get money out of others. I don't believe a word of it." The boy must have heard every word of this, for the blood crept into his pale cheeks.

"I'm not a thief, or a vagabond," he answered, with an earnestness that would have convinced any unprejudiced person of his sincerity; "and Mamma didn't know I came out to beg the orange for Mary; but she's been sick two whole weeks, and couldn't sew any more to earn money for us."

Reta opened her purse. "Here is a dollar note for you, little boy. There is a store where they will not cheat you;" and she pointed to a confectioner's opposite. "Go there and get some cakes and oranges for Mamma, and yourself, and little Mary. Some time to-morrow I will come and see you;" and Reta passed on.

But the boy stood still for several minutes, gazing bewildered at the note he held in his hand; for Reta's munificence had quite overwhelmed him with surprise. At last he crumpled it up, with a long, low cry of exceeding joy.

"Oh! won't Mary be glad—Mary and Mamma!" he murmured to himself. "I'll get the cakes, and the oranges, and a loaf of bread, and some coals to make a nice little fire; and when Mamma comes to see it, I don't believe she'll care if I did get it by begging."

It was late in the afternoon of the short November day when Reta knocked at the front chamber door of that old house, in one of the most wretched of the many wretched alleys in all New York. She had with difficulty groped her way up the dark, narrow staircase, to the room, which she had found by dint of much inquiry; for the house gave decided indications of plethora.

The little boy, whom she had met the day previous, opened the door, and his pale face brightened on seeing her. "The lady has come, Mamma—the lady has come!" he cried, in tones of joyful earnestness; and then Reta went in—into a room of such stark poverty, such utter destitution, as she had never conceived of. A few embers were smouldering on the hearth, but they sent no cheery glow over the bare walls and floor. A few rheumatic chairs occupied one side of the room, and a

table the other, while in the corner was a bed, and beside this a small crib, on the former of which lay a woman, and on the latter a child, both of which lifted up their heads eagerly as Reta entered.

She went to the bed. "Are you very sick, Ma'am? I should have come before had it been possible to get here." The woman fastened her eyes—those dark, preternaturally bright eyes, on her face.

"Thank God it is not too late for me to see you! The children! the children! you will take pity upon them?" she spoke with great difficulty, and her eyes said more than her lips did.

"Yes; but you must have help first—oh, John, I am glad to see you!" cried Reta, as a man-servant thrust his head inside the door, with a heavy basket of provisions on one arm. "You must go for a physician at once;" for the woman's face looked so white and ghastly, that her benefactress began to grow alarmed.

"No! no! it is too late for that!" said the invalid, with a quick gesture. "Oh, if I could only speak!"

And Reta hurried to the basket, and took out a bottle of cordial, and poured some of this into a solitary glass that stood on the table, and held it to the sick woman's lips, motioning John, meanwhile, to go for some wood, as she did not comprehend the meaning of the woman's words, "It is too late."

And while the young authoress was doing this, the little girl in the crib brushed back her tangles of bright brown curls, and stared at her, with a wondering, wistful sort of gaze that touched Reta, as the gaze of no little child had ever done in all the days of her life.

And she called the little boy to her side, and whispered to him that if he would unpack the basket he would find a great many nice things inside for him and his little sister.

And so he did; there was a ham, and a large bowl of chicken broth, besides rolls of bread, and baked apples; and little Mary leaned her white, wistful face over one side of the crib, and gazed on all these things, as her brother laid them on the table with various pantomimes of congratulation and astonishment, until at last a cup of jelly, and some golden pears, with several bunches of tempting grapes, presented themselves. Then the child's joy and wonder broke out in the laugh, not loud, but full of ecstasy, that gurgled over her lips: "Oh, Benny, we shall have enough to eat now, as long as we live—as long as we live;" and the fair little head sank down on the low pillow, partly

exhausted by fever, and partly by the sight of this affluent rain of food.

And Reta placed one of the pears, golden as the sunset-clouds of an Indian Summer day, and one of the bunches of grapes, flushed with the rich purple of Madeira vines, in the eager little hands of the sick child, and lifted her up in bed, and wrapped the old coverlet tightly round her.

"Now you will be a good little girl, and eat this nice fruit, and see if it don't make you almost well?" she said.

And little Mary put up her blue arms, and wound them round Reta's neck, and said, "I love you," in such a sweet, child-like way, that the authoress could only answer her with tears; indeed, her eyes had been drowned in these ever since she entered the room.

And Benny provided himself with a supply of the more substantial edibles, and drew a chair to the low crib; and if you had seen Reta standing very still, and looking at those two children a moment, you would almost have wondered if the angels in Heaven were fairer!

Then she returned to the bedside. The cordial had given the mother a little transitory strength.

"You will look upon me as your friend, and remember I will do anything I can to serve you," said Reta, leaning over the sick woman.

"God will remember you when you come to lie where I do." And still the young girl did not understand; but as those burning eyes wandered over her face, and as her gaze dwelt on those wasted features, Reta thought there must have been a time when the sick woman was very fair; and she knew by the delicate, refined expression they retained in the midst of all that poverty, that she had been accustomed to far different scenes. And the woman took Reta's fingers in her shadowy ones, and told her intermittently, because of weakness and pain, the story of her life.

She was still young, not far beyond her thirtieth year, and had married early and happily, soon after her father's death, whose only daughter and idol she had been.

He was an easy, generous sort of man, but with very little business tact, and not very industrious habits, though he was a farmer, and was supposed to be in very easy circumstances, until his death, when he was proven to be insolvent.

Edward Mather, (the invalid's husband,) was a young Southern merchant. His wife accompanied him to Mobile, soon after they were married.

Here their children were born to them, and here they lived very happily for nearly eight years. At this time Mr. Mather went to Cuba, on a voyage which the physicians recommended for his health, and was lost on his return.

His partner proved to be a man utterly devoid of conscience or principle, and defrauded the widow and orphans of every dollar which belonged to them.

The young widow disposed of most of her furniture and jewelry, and removed to the country with her children, where she remained for more than a year.

Then finding her resources gradually failing, she resolved to come North, and endeavor to obtain some employment. She reached New York without a friend, with only a few dollars, and two helpless children dependent on her.

It was the old story, written in tears all over the earth, and written beneath it, too, in white hands folded over broken hearts; the story of silent struggling with pride, and poverty, and helplessness.

Mrs. Mather managed to procure employment with her needle, which saved her and her children from actual suffering. So they contrived to subsist a year, and then her health, never rugged, failed her. She sold most of her furniture, and at last moved into this wretched apartment, where Reta found them, and where they had resided about a month.

For two weeks Mrs. Mather had scarcely left her bed, and for one of these, little Mary had been ill with a fever.

"The day before yesterday," gasped out the sufferer, in conclusion of her mournful story, "the last morsel of food was gone, and I felt that I and the children must starve. Oh, God, let it be done quickly, was my constant prayer!

"But during the morning, I had an attack of faintness, and Benny went out and saw you. An angel must have led him, for he came back bringing us food and fire, and the promise that the lady who gave this, would come to us to-morrow. If there had been any one in the house to whom I could have appealed, in this extremity, I should certainly have done it; but I feared they would take my children from me, and this was the one thought I could not bear. I felt Mary would go with her mother, and if Benny was left behind, somebody would take pity upon him."

"But my dear Mrs. Mather," said Reta, amid her fast falling tears, "you need have no further fears, you or the children shall not die. You shall have every aid that kind nursing

and money can bestow, and your children shall not know want or suffering any more."

"Oh, I shall carry those words far out into the dark valley, whither I am going, and I will tell them to the angels of God, and they shall set them in the crown you will wear forever, and forever!" And a light that is not of the living, but of the dying, surged over the woman's face. Then a sudden doubt and fear crept coldly into the heart of Reta; but she said, trying to keep her voice steady: "No, no, do not think you are going to die; for you must live, and get very happy."

Mrs. Mather smiled faintly. "Do you see the dampness on my forehead, and feel the coldness in my hands! Another hour, and my children will be motherless!"

Reta staggered back against the bed-post, too faint for speech or motion.

"Come close to me," murmured the dying woman, "for what I say must be said quickly. My husband had a younger brother, Phineas Mather, who sailed for the West Indies about a year before Edward's death. I have written to his address several times, but have received no answer, but I could never be convinced he was not living, and that he would not sometime return, and be a father to the children, for his heart was warm and noble;" here a sudden and prolonged fit of coughing interrupted Mrs. Mather, and when this was past, even Reta's unpracticed eyes saw that death had come for her.

"My children! my children!" and Reta lifted little Mary from the crib, where she was playing with her fruit, utterly unconscious of the great grief that was coming to her, and taking the hand of Benny she led them to the bedside of their dying mother.

And she looked at them with her glazing eyes, and kissed them with her cold lips, and said "God will take care of my little children."

Then she turned to Reta. "I do not know who you are, but it may be that the dying see far into the hearts of others. I knew when I looked in your face that I might trust you; and so I, their dying mother, give you my children. You will promise to take them, and keep them, so far as you can, from all harm."

"I promise," said Reta, solemnly, amid her sobs.

And the mother's eyes closed, but she had carried that promise out, very far out on the "River of Death," and Reta stood there alone in that awful presence, with the mighty responsibility she had taken upon her young life.

"Benny, I'm scared," lisped little Mary. "What makes Mamma look so, and why don't she speak to Sissy?"

"She's gone to Heaven, my poor children," sobbed Reta.

And Benny, who comprehended her meaning but little better than his sister, questioned, with quivering lips, "But won't she come for us, too? we don't want to stay here alone."

"No," and little Mary burst into tears; "Benny and I can't stay here alone, cause we shall be afraid when the dark night comes, and no Mamma to sing to us, and tell us pretty stories. Won't she come back, lady? If she don't, there won't be anybody to take care of little Sissy and Benny!"

"My poor children, I will take care of you, God helping me!" murmured Reta.

Just then John put his head inside the door. "I've got a wheelbarrow of wood down here, ma'am," and then he stopped short, and a change and a shudder passed over his rubicund physiognomy, for he too looked on the bed and read the Mystery.

It was the first day of the new year, and though the earth was swathed in garments white as those with which they drape the limbs of babes newly born, yet the Sun looked with a warm cheery smile from the cloudless sky; and its light was a fair type of that which beamed from the face of Reta English, as she stood by the marble table in her chamber that morning, holding a dainty gold watch and chain in one hand, and in the other, a beautiful canary cage, inside of which a bird was fluttering its yellow wings against the bars.

"My New Year's gifts!" murmured the young girl. "How good Uncle Tim and Aunt Martha are; but there goes the bell. I guess my Christmas gifts are come too," and she hurried down stairs."

Half an hour afterward she entered the back sitting-room, where her uncle, a very portly gentleman, was occupied with his paper, and her aunt, a richly dressed and well preserved lady of fifty, with her embroidery.

They looked up and greeted their niece with a smile, as she entered the room.

"Uncle, Aunt," she said, "my new Year's gifts for you have come, only, before I show them to you, I want to tell you something of their history." And seating herself between them, Reta commenced her story. Now, although she was by no means brilliant at repartee, she had a wondrous faculty of bringing out the pathetic, or tragic parts of a

story. Unconsciously to herself, her voice would drop into a low, mournful sort of rhythm, or swell into bursts of eloquence, while her head rocked to and fro to words that held the listeners spell-bound with their magic picturesqueness and melody.

So Reta commenced her story, and her soul kindled with it. Oh, it was a pity there was none but her aunt and uncle to hear it, as she described her sudden rencontre with the beggar-boy on Broadway. Then she drew a picture of that miserable chamber, with the sick children, and the dying mother. Her voice wavered with its own wild, mournful grace and pathos, over that last scene where the dying woman had bequeathed her children to one whose name, even, she did not know, and she almost electrified her relatives by telling them of the burial, and how she had defrayed the expenses, and had the whole matter conducted decently, and carefully, under her supervision; even to the removal of the body to the house of an old domestic of her aunt's, who was much attached to Reta, and from whose residence Mrs. Mather was buried; so that the children should have no painful reminiscences of the funeral of their mother. To think she had done all this, their imaginative, dreaming, unpractical Reta.

And the children had remained with this old domestic for nearly two months, until it was really inconvenient for her to keep them any longer, "and now" she paused here.

"And now?" subjoined her uncle and aunt, who had listened with absorbed interest to this story, while the former had once wiped his eyes suspiciously, and the embroidery of the latter lay in her lap, and there were unmistakable evidences on her cheeks, a very unusual circumstance with Mr. and Mrs. Curtis.

"And now," said Reta, speaking in her soft, solemn tones, "they are homeless, and friendless, these children bequeathed to me by their dying mother, and my acceptance of them had hardly passed my lips, when she carried it to God. Uncle and Aunt, I have no home but this one to offer them."

"Oh, Reta," cried Mrs. Curtis, nervously, "children are such a care and trouble."

"We should never have a moment's peace in the house, with their noise and squalling," added her husband.

"You will have sweeter music in the house than you ever had before, Uncle Tim; and oh, remember my promise to that dead mother, and think, when I meet her again, and she says to me, 'What of my children?' how can I

turn to you and Aunt Martha, and say, 'It was not my fault.'"

There was silence after Reta had said these words, and then she went out of the room, and returned in a moment, bringing with her two children, the one a little girl with sunny curls tumbling about her sweet face, and a boy like his sister, only with bolder features and darker hair; and both the children were tastefully dressed in blue cashmere, which best became their delicate complexions.

"There are my New Year's gifts; Uncle, Aunt, will you take them?"

And Reta led the shy, wondering children toward Mr. and Mrs. Curtis. And the lady leaned down and kissed the bright-haired little girl, and the gentleman patted the boy on his shoulder, and said, "Well, my little man, I wish you a happy New Year."

"Goodness!" ejaculated Reta, looking at the new watch she wore, "its almost eleven o'clock, and I shan't be dressed for New Year's calls;" and she went up stairs, but there was a smile on her lips, and in her eyes, for she knew she had triumphed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"BEAUTY'S NO ARMOR FOR THE HEART."

BY ENRICA.

A FAIR-haired girl, with light guitar,
Sang of Love's conquests by the hour,
And yet, with laughing smile declared,
O'er her the boy-god had no power!
But soon, e'en from her mild blue eye,
I saw the tear-drop trembling start,
Her lute drop listless down; she felt,
"Beauty's no armor for the Heart!"

And next a dark-haired maiden fair,
Whose soul, from out her deep black eye,
Now seemed to scorn Love's magic charms,
And now his witching power defy:

'Twas but a moment ere o'er her
Cupid his mighty spell had wrought;
The drooping lid half raised, declared,
"Beauty's no armor for the Heart!"

From flower to flower the boy-god sports,
And where the sweetest gems are found
He lingers longest; soon o'er them
His silken cords are firmly bound.
Then seek not to defy his power,
Or e'en repel his shaft by Art;
With roguish smile he ever cries,
"Beauty's no armor for the Heart!"

Philadelphia, Oct. 27th.

LA TRISTESSE.

BY LINNIE HOOD.

I MARK them coming down the way,
The bridegroom and bride of yesterday,
And it makes me blind to see
The loving smile and calm repose
In eyes that catch their light from those
That should have shone for me.

Oh! beautiful lady, with hair of gold,
Why is my heart so still and cold,
Like fear in a haunted dell?
Why does the laugh of thy merry heart,
A thrill of horror and woe impart,
Like a distant moaning knell?

Why does thy raiment of spotless white,
Seem by my sorrow's lurid light,
A shroud from a mouldy tomb?

Why is the halo that round thee beams,
A thunder cloud, with its sullen gleams
That only darken the gloom?

Ah! well I know what I ask of thee;
'Tis because he belongeth all to me,
That lover thou callest thine!
He vowed by the stars in the Summer sky,
By all that is true, and pure, and high,
That his heart was wholly mine.

He is false, and thou hast made him so;
Thy musical tone, so soft and low,
And beauty, have stolen his love.
And naught hast thou left in life for me
But sad forgiveness for him and thee,
And prayer for a home above.
Allan Clif, Oct. 23, 1857.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"MOTHER! Will the Christ-child come to-morrow? Will the Christ-child bring dolls, and horses? and oh, Mother, do you think he will bring me a cross-bow, and will Uncle Karl teach me how to shoot it? Mother! why are you so sad? why do your eyes look far away, instead of at Karl? Why do you not answer me, Mother?"

"Karl!" said the mother, drawing him closely to her breast, "Do you love me?"

"Love you? Why Mother, what a question! I love you most dearly, dear Mother."

"You will never leave me, my boy?"

"Never, dear Mother! Why should I leave you?"

"Never, never leave me."

"Gertrude," said a low voice behind her chair.

The boy slid down from his mother's lap, and left her alone with his father.

"Oh, my husband," cried the wife, laying her head on his breast, "my heart is sad to-night, and over weary. Where is our boy, our first-born?"

"Gertrude, he left us freely; he was head-strong, and unwilling to submit to his father's better judgment. God protect him, for he was young and wayward. I know not where he is, though half my fortune has been spent in vain endeavors to find him. Our poor boy! he may be dead, Gertrude."

The mother shuddered. Then rising, she went to a drawer and took out a cross-bow, and some other boyish toys, and laid them apart. Her hand lingered lovingly over them, and the tears welled up into her eyes.

"They are for Karl," she said in answer to her husband's look of inquiry. It is five years to-morrow since I placed them on the tree for Emanuel, and in two little weeks I saw my boy for the last time. I have tried always to banish sad thoughts at Christmas, for the children's sake, but to-night my heart seems full enough to burst. God grant we hear of no misfortune happening to our boy, for my heart has heavy forebodings."

Long did the parents sit and talk of the prodigal son.

Emanuel was their first, and for five years after their marriage, their only child. He was a high-tempered boy, but until his thirteenth

year had submitted to his parent's will. One night, in a sudden fit of rage at the crossing of some unreasonable whim, he had left the house, walked to a neighboring seaport town, and there taken passage on a vessel bound for China. As this vessel sailed the next morning, with its new cabin-boy on board, every effort made by his father to bring him back had been fruitless. For some time the mother was prostrated by grief, but other children claimed her attention, and as their childish wonder abated, and they ceased to mention their brother's name, it was not spoken in the family circle, and the parents slowly learned to shut up this great sorrow in their own hearts.

The morrow came, and with a sad face and many a falling tear, Gertrude placed Emanuel's toys on the tree for Karl. If he ever returned, the mother lovingly argued, he would be too old for these trifling gifts, and they would make her Karl happy. Dancing feet and merry voices greeting her, as she left the mysterious room she had prepared for the Christ-child, soothed the open wound in her heart, and she thanked God for the treasures left to her.

Evening came; the children, Karl, Fritz, Gertie, Franz, and little Dorothea were all ushered into a dark entry, and there joined their sweet childish voices in the Christmas hymn. Then the door opened, and in a wondrous blaze of light stood the Christmas tree. Awe stricken by its glorious light, and dazzled by its suddenness, the children stood still, until seeing Grandmother, whose chair had been wheeled in, sitting by a table near this burst of splendor, they came slowly in. Karl's quick eye soon espied his treasure, the cross-bow, and Uncle Karl was called upon to explain all its mysteries. Fritz took his new book to have the pictures explained by Grandmother. Gertie sat beside the table with a new doll, while little Franz and the two year old baby, soon tired with intense pleasure, came to Papa's loving arms for rest. The mother wandered round the room. Karl's eagerness reminded her of the pleasure the same toy had given five long years before. The book Fritz enjoyed so much was also one of Emanuel's, and as Gertrude's eye turned from one boy to the other, her heart whispered the oft repeated question, "Will he never return!" There

was a shadow on the father's brow too, and as Gertrude passed him, he grasped her hand, and drew her closely to him. All the children were too happy to notice their parents' abstraction, and their low voices were drowned in gleeful shouts and animated conversation.

Suddenly there came a loud rap on the door. Gertie, much wondering whom it could be on Christmas eve, sprang to open it. The mother stood erect, and the father, his heart stirred by the same hope, looked eagerly towards the door. It was a stranger, a lad of eighteen or nineteen years; they looked for a boy of Karl's age, forgetting for a moment the lapse of time. He stood in the door-way, then with a slow, timid step, advanced towards the mother and

father. Gertrude's, the mother's instinct, spoke first, and with a loud cry she fell upon his neck.

"Mother! Mother!" he said, in a hoarse, choked voice, "Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive? Oh, my boy! Heaven is very good to me. Five years I have thirsted for the sound of your voice, and the sight of your face, and God has sent you home."

"Father!"

The father spoke not, but as his son fell at his feet, he bent forward and pressed the seal of forgiveness upon his brow. And the Christmas day rose upon such happiness in that house as it had never known before.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

PAUL REYNOLD'S LETTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

PAUL REYNOLDS, dear little children, is my cousin, and this is his first year at Pinewood school, where I understand he has won some flattering encomiums from his teacher, for good scholarship, and is a great favorite with the boys, as I was certain he would be, for his love of fun and mischief is almost unparalleled; and I am quite positive this will seriously affect his standing for good conduct at the close of the term.

In short, Paul is a noisy, rollicking, good-natured, warm-hearted boy, and how in the world he ever staided that crazy brain of his sufficiently to write such a long, sensible letter, is a problem to me; at all events, it reflects so much credit upon a boy that has not yet gained his twelfth birthday, and Paul is such a favorite with me, that I am determined this letter shall have the honor of a place in the Magazine.

"PINWOOD, NOV. 16th.

"You remember I promised you, dear Cousin Jennie, when you were at our house last Spring, that I would certainly write you before our term closed at Pinewood. Well, you see there is only a week more left of it, and Mr. Marsh said yesterday, in his address to the boys, after prayers, that the last days of the term were at hand, and whatever we did must be done quickly, and if we had any promise unfulfilled, or any work unfinished, it was best to attend to it now. So I just said to myself: 'Paul Reynolds, you shan't go out to play ball next Wednesday afternoon, until you have written to your cousin Jennie.' Some of the boys got mad, and some laughed at me, when they found I wouldn't go with them; and Joe Grant said, 'Let him alone

fellows, he's a blue stooking.' I s'pose you know what that means, but I don't.

"I have so many things to tell you, Cousin Jennie, about the school, and the teachers, and the boys; and though I've only been here six months, it seems to me a great deal longer, and as though I was a very little boy when I left home—you know I am almost twelve now.

"I like the school very much, though I was awful homesick when I first came here; and don't you think I cried the first four nights after I got to bed, and Luke Williams, my room-mate, was fast asleep.

"But this all wore off, as soon as I got acquainted with the boys, and now, you better believe, I never think of crying.

"The house is a large, gray stone one, with wings on each side, and there is a deep lawn in front, with two great weeping willows. There are fifty boys here, and we have nice times, though I wish we didn't have to study quite so hard.

"I am in the second division, and have Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar, Latin Lexicon, beside the 'fundamentals,' as Mr. Marsh calls reading, writing, spelling, &c. I like him very much, though he is rather stern, and stiff, and oh! how he can look, when the boys displease him; but I am sure he is a very good man, any how.

"We have breakfast at seven, then prayers, and generally a short lecture, from Mr. Marsh, and an hour for play. Then we study half an hour, and school commences at half-past nine, and closes about one, when we have dinner, and another hour for play. School closes at half-past four, and we have all the rest of the time until supper; for Mr. Marsh

says 'plenty of out-door exercise never yet made a worse scholar; while the want of it has made many a bad one.' All our division retires at nine o'clock, and you can't think how short the days are, though at first each one seemed longer than a month at home.

"Oh, Cousin Jennie, I should like to tell you what glorious times we have had in the woods this Fall. We have been bar-berrying three times, and chestnutting four. It was capital, I tell you! The nuts have been remarkably plenty at Pinewood, this year, and almost covered the ground after a sharp frost, and a high wind. One time we gathered a bushel, and coming back we met an old woman and a little girl, by the spring. I can't tell you how miserably dressed they were, or how poor, and cold, and wretched they looked. We spoke to the old woman, and she told us the little girl was her grand-daughter, and they were on their way to Springfield, where the old lady had a son and daughter, who would take care of them. But they had come a long distance, and the night before somebody had stolen the old woman's purse. She thought it must have been when she was getting out of the stage, and now she hadn't a cent to go any further. We boys took up a contribution, but we could only raise a dollar-and-a-half, and it would take three for the old woman and little girl to get to Springfield.

"Finally, Charles Willis says: 'I'll tell you what we'll do, boys. There's old Uncle Amos Spikes, who lives in the hollow, and goes to market twice every week. He'll give us a dollar-and-a-half a bushel for our chestnuts. All in favor of selling them to him just raise their hands.'

"We all voted to sell the chestnuts, though it was pretty hard, for we expected to have a good time that evening, boiling them in the kitchen, as Mr.

Marsh said we should. We could have raised the money easy enough, if we had been at home; but we were two miles away, and, although there were fifteen of us, you know boys hardly ever take any money into the woods.

"So some of us carried the chestnuts to Uncle Amos Spikes, and he bought them, and we gave the money to the old woman.

"The tears came into her eyes when she thanked us. So we went home without the chestnuts; but I guess we felt happier than if we had kept them. When Mr. Marsh heard of it, he made a speech before the whole school that was very flattering to us.

"Do you know, Cousin Jennie, I wished ever so many times you had been there; for you might have made such a nice story out of it, and the little girl had the blue eyes, and golden hair you like so much.

"There! I have reached my fourth page, and haven't said half I wish to. Well, you know you promised to be with us on Thanksgiving, and that is next week, so I shall tell you the rest with my lips, instead of my pen. Oh, won't it seem good to eat some of Mamma's roast turkey and pumpkin pie. I tell you we don't have such things here; and won't I give little Sister Mary some glorious rides on the new sled Papa has promised me; and won't I have one of my old skates on the pond, the first time it freezes over. Then, at night we'll boil chestnuts, in the old kitchen, and you shall tell us some of your stories, that we all love so, and won't I be your *happy*, and loving cousin,

PAUL REYNOLDS.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Marsh is to give all the boys a *Social*, the night before we leave. I shall dread to say 'good bye' to Luke Williams, for seven weeks."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NOT AS A CHILD.

"I do not know how that may be," said the mother, lifting her head, and looking through almost blinding tears, into the face of her friend. "The poet may be right, and,

"Not as a child shall I again behold him," but the thought brings no comfort. I have lost my child, and my heart looks eagerly forward to a reunion with him in Heaven; to the blessed hour when I shall again hold him in my arms."

"As a babe?"

"O, yes. As a darling babe, pure, and beautiful as a cherub."

"And then, would you have him linger in babyhood forever?" asked the friend.

The mother did not reply.

"Did you expect him always to remain a child here? Would perpetual infancy have satisfied your maternal heart? Had you not already begun to look forward to the period when intellectual manhood would come with its crowning honors?"

"It is true," sighed the mother.

"As it would have been here, so will it be there. Here, the growth of his body would have been parallel, if I may so speak, with the growth of his mind. The natural and the visible would have developed in harmony with the spiritual and the invisible. Your child would have grown to manhood intellectually, as well as bodily. And you would not have had it otherwise. Growth—development—the going on to perfection, are the laws of life; and more emphatically so as appertaining to the life of the human soul. That life in all its high

activities, burns still in the soul of your lost darling, and he will grow, in the world of angelic spirits to which our Father has removed him, up to the full stature of an angel, a glorified form of intelligence and wisdom. He cannot linger in feeble babyhood; in the innocence of simple ignorance; but must advance with the heavenly cycles of changing and renewing states."

"And this is all the comfort you bring to my yearning heart?" said the mother. "My darling, if all you say be true, is lost to me forever."

"He was not yours, but God's." The friend spoke softly, yet with a firm utterance.

"He was mine to love," replied the bereaved one.

"And your love would confer upon its precious object the richest blessings. Dear friend! Lift your thoughts a little way above the clouds that sorrow has gathered around your heart, and let perception come into an atmosphere radiant with light from the Sun of truth. Think of your child as destined to become, in the better world to which God has removed him, a wise and loving angel. Picture to your imagination the higher happiness, springing from higher capacities and higher uses, which must crown the angelic life. Doing this, and loving your lost darling, I know that you cannot ask for him a perpetual babyhood in Heaven."

"I will ask nothing for him but what 'Our Father' pleaseth to give," said the mother, in calmer tones. "My love is selfish, I know. I called that babe mine—mine in the broadest sense—yet he was God's, as every other creature is His—one of the stones in His living temple—one of the members of His Kingdom. It does not comfort me in my great sorrow to think that, as a child, I shall not again behold him, but rays of new light are streaming into my mind, and I see things in new aspects and new relations. Out of this deep affliction good will arise."

"Just as certainly," added the friend, "as that the Sun shines and the dew falls. It will be better for you, and better for the child. To both will come a resurrection into higher and purer life."

T. S. A.

REARING BOYS.

WE submit the following, in four chapters, from the *Cincinnati Gazette*. It may be read with profit by many:

CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one? Catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on the promenade. One and another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant, and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well known firm.

"Ah! out again, Deliah," he said, earnestly. "Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him," she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy. "No," he returned, with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh! well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work, and flitted on.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions! make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to! Oh, no, can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children—let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had been bent over all day, "they'll find out things that ruin them, unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"Oh, you want to make him a piece of perfection, like his father; well, I can't say I do. I don't like these faultless men. See—now isn't the contrast beautiful? Come here, Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city."

CHAPTER III.

"A cigar! bless me, what a boy, and only twelve. Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well, I dare say it made him sick enough: boys *will* be boys, you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me! why what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God! husband—not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail for *stealing*!"

"Not *our* boy! not *our* Charley! no, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but don't tell me our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylum.

BE CIRCUMSPECT IN REPROOF AND CORRECTION. —Don't punish, or even reprove severely for accidental faults. The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment to its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even were the result brought about by carelessness. To add more, is as cruel as it is hurtful.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT.—“A Housekeeper” writes us on the subject of the “Old Dominion Coffee Pot,” a reference to which was made in the “Home Magazine” last month. She says: “I have tried ‘the Old Dominion Coffee Pot,’ and can’t make it work. Or, rather, I should say, my cook has tried it, and reports unfavorably. Twice we had coffee made in the one we obtained; but it had an unpleasant taste. The principle strikes me as good. It seems to me, in looking at its construction, to be the perfection of a coffee pot. Have you tried it, Mr. Editor? If so, what is your experience?”

We answer “A Housekeeper” that we have tried it, and in the beginning found the same opposition in the kitchen Cabinet that she speaks of, and the same unpleasant taste to the coffee. But the thing was so obviously right, that we accepted no unfavorable reports, and now we have the most delicious coffee for breakfast that we ever tasted; the aroma being preserved, though the coffee is boiled the usual time. We have no smell of coffee through the house; all the volatile aromatic principle being retained, by the simple, yet ingenious arrangement of the boiler. The cook no longer objects, for she finds the making of coffee in the “Old Dominion” as simple a thing as making it in any other coffee pot. The unpleasant taste, referred to, is thus explained. This coffee pot is nearly steam tight. Coffee is known to be a disinfectant; that is an absorbent of impurities. The surface of all new tin is greasy, and the seams, in soldering, are touched with rosin. The coffee, the first time the boiler is used, absorbs these slight impurities, and as no vapor escapes, they are retained, and are perceived by the unpleasant taste of the beverage. The remedy is simple. Before making coffee for the first time, in the “Old Dominion Coffee Pot,” boil coffee in it for four or five hours, in order thoroughly to cleanse it. After that it will produce a beverage the most delicious you have tasted. This is our experience, and the experience of others with whom we have conversed. The economy of this coffee boiler is another thing to be considered. At least one fourth of the berry is saved. It is not always that the best is cheapest. But it is so in this case. We would not give up our “Old Dominion,” for four times its price, if another could not be obtained. The name is given by the inventor in honor of his native state. He is a Virginian.

ECONOMICAL EATING.—As a dog grows fatter and fatter on a diet of two-fifths bread and three-fifths fish, than when fed on bread altogether, it is concluded that fish is more nutritive than bread, as to men as well as to dogs.

When the best beef steak is selling at twenty cents a pound, the butchers are glad to sell the

“rein” piece at 8 or 10 cents a pound. It has no bone nor fat. Three pounds of this for twenty-five cents will make soup enough for a family of eight or ten persons two days, besides the meat for one dinner; it is a hundred per cent. cheaper than the purchase of a knee joint, at forty cents, for soup.

Of all the parts of corned beef, that is the most nutritious and cheapest which is called the round, which has neither bone nor gristle, nor waste fat worth naming.

Both in the purchase of meat and fish, persons are generally falsely economical in choosing an article with bone in it, at two, or three, or more cents a pound less than a piece which has none.

We purchase porgies, blue-fish, flounders, and the like, at six or eight cents a pound, instead of halibut, at twelve cents. But the halibut is cheapest, and also the safest for a family where there are children, as it has none but the back bone; with that exception, it has solid flesh, whereas, in purchasing the smaller fishes named, they are weighed out with heads, entrails, fins, bones, and all.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BREAD.—It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used, is made thus, without salt, saleratus, yeast, or rising of any sort:

Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal, thoroughly moisten the whole with pure soft water, scalding hot, that is, about one hundred and sixty degrees, Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven until the dough has acquired a soft, fine, brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated.

Hydropathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted. It certainly is pure bread, cannot sour, will keep almost indefinitely; and, if made of unbolted flour, must be the most healthful and nutritious bread that can be prepared. But people won't use it, because they have not been accustomed to it—just as Huns would never use an iron tire to his cart wheel, because he had never seen one used. Besides, most persons have an unconquerable prejudice against using or doing anything that has unmixed good in it.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SYRUP OF COFFEE.—Take about an ounce of the finest coffee, ground, and a pint of cold water; allow them to stand together for twelve hours or more, then strain, and add one pound and a half of sugar; boil for one or two minutes—not longer, and again strain.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of milk, six eggs, tea-spoonful of saleratus, some nutmeg, tea-spoonful of salt, stir meal in until you have a thick batter, fry in melted butter and lard.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

TROUBLE KILLS.

THE secret sorrow of the mind, a sorrow which must be kept, how it wilts away the whole man, himself all unconscious meanwhile of its murderous effect! He cannot feel that he is approaching death, because he is sensible of no pain; in fact, he has no feeling, but an indescribable sensation perceived about the physical heart. Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British army before Sebastopol, the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington for forty years, of whom partial friends have often said, "his character seemed without a flaw," such a man died, figuratively, of a broken heart. In a moment, almost, trouble came like a whirlwind; avalanche followed avalanche, in such quick succession, that no time was left for the torn spirit to rise above its wounds. The British Government, quailing before popular clamor, left the brave old man to bear the brunt alone, because it could not afford to recall him, and yet, had not the courage to sustain him. While the tone of official communications deprived him of his sleep, weighed heavily upon him, and broke his gallant spirit, the failure at the Redan closely followed. On reaching head-quarters, a letter was in waiting, which announced the death of the last surviving member of a large family of brothers and sisters; the next day, the death of a general, his old companion in arms. Next came the news that the gallant son of Lord Lyons was sinking under his wounds. These things, coming so rapidly, one after another, in the course of a few hours, as it were, caused such a change to his appearance, all unknown to himself however, that his physician had to request him to take to his bed, and within forty-eight hours he died, without supposing himself to be in any danger whatever.

Within a year, a worthy lady in Ohio sickened, in consequence of some wholly groundless rumors affecting her character, in the community into which she had recently moved. She knew they were groundless, and knew the motives of the miserable wretches who originated them; but her delicate and sensitive spirit shrunk before the shock, retreated within itself, and all torn and bleeding she died!

Within a few months, a most excellent clergyman found the feelings of his people so generally against him, that he resigned his office. The resignation was accepted, but all under such circumstances that it was really a dismissal, and that, too, for causes which ought to have made every member of the community stand up to him like a man. Conscious of his integrity, and feeling that he had been badly dealt with, his sensibilities received a shock which carried him to a premature grave in a few days.

"You are worse than you should be from the fever

you have: is your mind at ease?" said a quick-sighted physician, to a sleepless, wasting patient. "No, it is not," was the frank reply and the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith, whose *Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village* will only die with the English language. Died at the age of forty-six, of a malady of the mind, from blasted hopes and unkind speeches of the world around him! He was a man whose heart was large enough and kind enough to have made a whole world happy, whose troubles arose from his humanity; yet the base things said of him, so undeserved, so malignant, and untrue, "broke his heart."

In view of these facts, let parents early impress on the minds of children it is not what they are charged with, but what they are guilty of, that should occasion trouble or remorse; that a carping world should not blanch the cheek or break the spirit, so long as there is conscious rectitude within.

And let all learn, what the commonest humanity dictates, to speak no word, write no line, do no deed, which would wound the feelings of any human creature, unless under a sense of duty, and even then, let it be wisely and long considered.

Half's Journal of Health.

LAZINESS.

LAZINESS is a bad disease, and like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. In the case of many individuals it is an inherited malady, and consequently hard to oust from the system. But it is oftener the case that this disgusting distemper is brought on persons by their own deliberate selfishness—by a vastly discreditable disposition to shrink the inevitable burdens incident to living a decent life. Laziness of this kind is one of the cardinal sins, and should subject the obnoxious offender to the discipline of the tread-mill. More particularly is laziness offensive in the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery—for, depend upon it, none can be so insensible through laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of a non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys and girls, off jackets and superabundant crinolines, and square your accounts with her.

A POPULAR AUTHOR says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children."

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1858.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

HAVING concluded one volume and now commencing the second of our endeavors to supply the readers of the LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE with true monthly reports of the fashions in ladies' attire, we feel safe in promising them a continued improvement in the colored plate, both in the engraving and coloring; and as to the designs, they were never imitations of those picture plates of Paris, which are gotten up to please the *grisettes* or *lorettes*. Nor are they imitations of the extravagance of the Fauburg St. Germain, or of the *noblesse* of Europe; but they are, as nearly as we can approach, a combination of the useful and the beautiful, being such dresses as we desire to see adopted by our mother, wife, and sisters. Unity in *fashion*, as in everything beautiful in Nature, is worthy of being well studied. Were it not for *fashion*, humanity might soon be resolved into "calico dido's, and want of unity in personal appearance would soon superinduce a relapse of the civilized States into barbarism:

"An' if nobody drest
In their holiday best,
It's small work ther'd be for the million!
But Fashion's, I say,
Well enough in its way,
If ye follow it right through completely:
Not by bits an' by scraps,
Bonnets, shawls, shoes or caps,
But all of it, equal an' nately.

"The snow-drop, so lowly,
Looks peaceful an' holy,
Pure white as it falls in the vale here;
But what would it look like
If ould gardener Mike
Stuck it up on the stem of a dahlia?"

Over the area of our vast country the Creator has scattered beauties in harmonious profusion, but all in unity, and while each season is marked with its own exclusive beauties, so humanity should imitate nature in unity of textures and colors. It is a subject of regret that some of our ladies are so fond of trimmings for their bonnets and dresses as to influence their adoption of a profusion of tangled incongruities, for the simple reason that they think every piece of trimming beautiful in itself, and the *modiste*, wishing to sell it, telling them that it is pretty and becoming. Be assured of this fact, dear reader, that bad taste is not detected by a want of trimmings, but by a too lavish display of them. To regulate the public taste and to indicate true modesty and beauty in feminine attire, is one of the principal objects of Fashion, and we will now pro-

(50)

ceed to describe the marked peculiarities of the mode for the month, beginning with the

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Costume for a morning concert, or the dress *sans chapeau*, constitutes an appropriate evening dress for the opera or a party. The material is dahlia silk, the skirt relieved by black velvet *quilles*, edged with lace; the breast and the sleeves are also faced with velvet, laced, edged, called *spatules*. The sleeves are in the *demi-pagode* shape, and open at the inner seams, disclosing large lace under-sleeves, with the draws ornamented by double bows of narrow black or dahlia velvet ribbon. The under-sleeves are very full indeed. The bonnet is of green silk, trimmed with green velvet ribbon, and velvet foliage and flowers, with strings half green and half white, and the *dessons* (under the brim) of a double blonde ruche. The lace collar is rather narrow, and the ends square. Buff kid gloves, and coral and cameo bracelets. Lace boots of black satin lasting, but for promenade of French morocco, lacing up over a tongue at the centre of the instep, and rather high, with high heels, and the outer sole spread with a thin layer of gutta-percha or India rubber, and a loose insole of cork. This forms a dry understanding. Then we will venture to name those ornamental net leggings, which are both cheap and necessary. The skirt and crinoline are not worn so full as when last reported; but of hoops, those who wear them hold on to the large rotundities as long as they can, rather than be to the expense of smaller ones, but they must soon throw these away and buy smaller ones, or rely on cords and starch, or the crinoline of hair-cloth, which is a great luxury in the way of beauty and comfort.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Full toilet.—Hat of velvet *cpingle*, with a *dessons* of blonde ruches, and the edge of the front and curtain enlivened with a ruched braid of white feathers. There is a tuft of feathers on each side, and the crown is trimmed with puffed ribbon, edged with narrow lace. The brides (strings) are white and wide. It will be remarked that the present shape of bonnet approaches the forehead over the front, and then sweeps back to the ears.

The mantelet is of black silk or velvet, and it is called the Queen of Navarre. It is embroidered, and further ornamented with gimp and fringe, and it is lined and wadded throughout. A very rich affair, and the highest style of dress. Over this are sometimes worn sable capes or victorines, and though a set of furs includes also cuffs and muff, yet

the latter is not so generally carried as it was last Winter; but when it is, it is very small, and ornamented with two cords and tassels at each end.

The dress is made like that of the lady at the right, only, instead of *quilles* or *barbes* down each side of the skirt, the skirt is ornamented with a tracery of moss trimmings, and the body and sleeves with the same quality of trimmings to correspond. Generally, the trimmings on the skirt are heavier, and the figures larger than those on the sleeves, body, or basque. Basques are only worn for morning dress, but they are losing favor gradually, and the black silk cloth jacket, quite similar to a basque, is assuming its place. The gloves are lemon kid, and the lace-boots are of satin lasting, with high heels.

GENERAL REMARKS.

As to *basques*, being confined to walking and home dress, and not allowable for full dress, they are rather tolerated than commended, and will last only another season. This affords a good opportunity for those ladies to whom they are unbecoming, and this includes all but the very tall, to discontinue them.

The prettiest dress in vogue for morning wear or promenade, is a *lais de cote*; that is, goods with side stripes (having an apron-shaped front) woven in the material, representing the skirts in the picture-plate; only those *lais des cotes* are worked upon the skirt, while on the morning goods to which we refer they are woven in. The skirt should be plain, of course; the body trimmed with a bertha of colors to harmonize with the side stripes; the sleeves cut in the half leg of mutton style, and gathered to a wristband fitting the wrist, and closed with a single or double button. Wear gauntlet gloves to cover the wristband, and a jacket of velvet, silk, or merino, for greater comfort to promenade in moderate weather; the jacket being a basque extending midway between the hip and the knee, but dropping behind nearly to the knee, and the skirt cut quite full behind. In the morning, at home, and when the weather is very cold, wear over this dress a heavy net jacket which closes in front with *passementerie* buttons and braid loops. These net jackets are of German make, and may be purchased for from one to three dollars each, but our ladies should have a knitting machine, or a sewing machine, in order that many articles for domestic wear may be made at home, and that they may have some means for the display of their taste, both in the combination of colors and in the fabric. There is a machine also, now, for embroidering, and if no one family in a place shall think that their work will warrant the purchase of all these machines, then let the villagers or people of the town club together and buy them for the use of some needy widow, two or three of whom might make a good living by the use of them, in every village, while they would be a real convenience to the inhabitants.

Flounces are still worn, and for morning wear those with plaid edges are the most enlivening;

they are sometimes made double. For young *demoiselles* the flounces are very narrow, and set near together, from the bottom to above the knees; but for adults there are generally not more than three, which appear to divide the skirt equally; but the double skirt, when of thin goods, to wear at assemblies, is preferred. For evening and promenade, when the flounces are single, they are edged with velvet, *ruches*, *chicorees*, lace, or a flat plaiting of ribbon, or with the same material as the dress.

Black and white checked *taffetas* and poplins are more seen than ever for walking dress, also for visiting dress and *demi-toilette*, or for *neglige*. The trimming most suitable for these robes is black velvet; a half breadth of green, blue, or violet and black plaid, enlivens them very well. Black or brown poplins, very finely spotted with bright colors, such as *cerise*, yellow, or blue, have a charming effect. Flowered *drougets*, *veloutines*, and English *bareges*, are also worn. Black silks of all kinds are more than ever in demand. It is said that black satin will decidedly regain its former favor, and, in company with velvet, will take its place for evening dress.

OVER DRESSES.

As we have before noticed, the *Algerien burnous* will be, for *neglige*, the cloak of the season; it replaces the *Tutma*, of which, to say the truth, it is a modification; only, it is fuller at the bottom, and longer, and is invariably accompanied with a hood.

Some *burnous* are made without seams, some with seams on the shoulders, and others with a seam down the whole length of the back, which slightly defines the figure, and disposes the fullness only where it is required. The hood is sometimes made flat, by means of a double seam round, forming a point in the middle, at the end of which is a long tassel of mohair or floss silk; the outer part of the hood is cut up half way, and turned back in a reversed V, trimmed with two tassels to match that on the point. Sometimes it is folded back twice, resembling a round *berthe*. Others are simply the old round hood, drawn round with a ribbon or cord, with tassels.

The materials principally used for the *burnous* are the *chinchilla* cloth, *cachemire*, English and *Algerien* cloths, and dark drab or brown ladies' cloth. Some, which are very handsome, are made of black silk, wadded, and trimmed with one broad plaiting, *a la vieille*, or with two half the width, or bound with velvet. There is some talk of making them of velvet, bordered, and even lined with fur; but this latter idea, we think, would render them inconveniently heavy.

The *basquine* is also very much in vogue. It is made longer than ever, and becomes almost an open dress. When it is in silk this is very well, but in cloth it should certainly be made shorter. *Casaques* are also made in black *taffetas*, lined and trimmed either with one wide plaiting, *a la vieille*, or with two rows narrower, placed apart; sometimes with a headed frill, nearly eight inches broad, or with two

not headed, either pinked or scalloped. These are generally narrower than the others. When made of colored silk, and worn with dresses trimmed *en tablier*, they make a very pretty in-doors dress.

With regard to mantles, the simple shawl shape, either single or double, prevails up to the present.

BONNETS.

The most fashionable colors for bonnets are white, *bleu de Chine*, or maize; either in satin or velvet. The satin are trimmed with *blonds* and feathers, *marabouts*, or *plumes de coq*, according to the degree of elegance of the *toilette*. Velvet bonnets are also trimmed with feathers, especially birds of Paradise, or tassels formed of small feathers.

For the inside of bonnets, a *bandeau* of flowers is much used; for this is sometimes substituted a *bandeau* of velvet, bright blue or *ponceau*, and edged with *grelots* of jet, which is very elegant. The *bandeau* is ended with a velvet bow, or a *bouquet* of flowers. Ruches for the inside, of blonde, are still in high favor.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

For little boys, four to six years old, velvet and cashmerette are the principal goods employed, and made up in the tunic style, or a single-breasted sack, reaching to the hips, with falling ball buttons

edging the bottom, and a row of buttons up each front edge, with a tab closing it at the neck. From the waist a skirt falls to the knees, the top plaited or gathered to a waistband with holes in it to button to the sack. Embroidered linen trousers, extending to the knee, bare legs, and lace-boots, cambric collar and sleeves.

Little girls wear a long *basque*, of velvet or merino, over a dress with short sleeves; gaiter-boots and long net leggings.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—This is a charming costume for a miss. It is of pink silk, delicately tinted as a rose leaf. The skirt is composed of six flounces, the upper one forming a sort of *basquine* to the waist. These flounces are button-holed on the edges in small scallops, and embroidered in tiny rose buds. The waist is plain, and open to the bodice, disclosing a stomacher composed of puffings of white Swiss, separated by bands of rich needlework insertion. Each side of the stomacher is finished with *lapelles* embroidered in like manner with the flounces commencing round on the shoulder and sloping down in graceful curves to the waist. The sleeves are short, and ornamented like the flounces, with white undersleeves to match the stomacher.

LOUNGING CAPS.—We give below the patterns for working the two Lounging Caps represented on one of the front pages of this Number.



No. 1.—This Lounging Cap must be worked in the direction of the lines in the small engraving, and must be made up in the same way. The ground must be either deep green cloth or velvet. The top and bottom lines, with the round dots, must be gold; the line in gold braid, the dots in gold-colored silk; the leaves in rich, bright green silk, and the flowers in crimson silk. The tassel must be a combination of the three colors used in the embroidery.



No. 2.—This cap must be made of purple velvet or cloth; the braiding round the crown in gold braid; the pattern on the side a pale blue silk, with the exception of the flowers and leaves. The flowers must be in red, and the leaves a deep green. The tassel must be in gold. The cord round the rim must be a twisted cord, of purple and gold.

BRIDAL COSTUME.—The dress is *moire antique*, richly brocaded with satin. The skirt very full, and made with a train. The corsage is high and plain; the neck finished with a moderate-sized collar of point lace. Over this is worn an open sacque, of exquisite design, made very low on the shoulders. A rich fall of lace surrounds the neck, graduating to a point in front. The edge is bordered with a flounce of the same rich lace, half a yard deep, with a second one about half the width placed just above it. The upper part of the sleeve is formed with two narrow puffs, bordered with three deep flounces, forming a rich full-length sleeve.

MORNING ROBE.—We present a Morning Robe of elegant style, though cut in the usual form of such garments, with plain sacque front and plain back. Its peculiar attraction is in the trimming, which, commencing about six inches wide on each side of the opening, is graduated to about half that width at the neck. It is formed of ribbon, one inch wide, of the same rich colors as the dress, drawn in the form of a ruffle, which is placed at equal distances, in groups of three each. The front is secured by heavy silk buttons, with drooping tassels. The sleeves are of the usual length, in the pagoda style, and bordered with three rows of the trimming. A

pretty trimming ornaments the inside of the arm; it consists of a single row of the ribbon trimming arranged in the form of a gore, which is six inches wide at the bottom, and extends the full length of the sleeve; two groups of the trimming cross it at equal distances, corresponding with the front trimming. The neck is finished with a small round collar, edged with two rows of ribbon. A heavy silk cord and tassel fastens the waist.

GLOVE BOX.—Materials.—Perforated card-board, No. 6; Berlin wool; clear white O. P. beads; ruby and garnet beads; No. 2; ribbon, card-board, and sarsenet.

This brilliant-looking little box is formed of five pieces of perforated card, worked in wool and beads. In the centre of that which forms the top is the word *GLOVES*, in ruby and garnet beads; the rest of the pattern is squares worked in Berlin wool, with lines of O. P. beads between them. Be sure to select card-board of the proper size, as the beads cannot be properly arranged on any other. Line each piece with thin card-board and silk, and bind them all round with ribbon. Sew the silks together, form them into a box, with a plain piece for the bottom; and finish with rows of ribbon.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOSS SIDE. By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," and "The Hidden Path." New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

This book is characterized by the same refined tone that distinguishes the author's former works; the same purity and religious teaching that beam forth in all her writings. The scenes of the story are principally laid in a Virginia plantation, and the narrative is an autobiography of the principal heroine, who, like all Miss Harland's heroines, is a noble idealization of womanhood. The story is interesting; and although there are some points to which we object—the introduction, for instance, of such common-place villains as Dumont, and Mr. Townley, and the unnecessary immolation of Grace's youth upon the altar of an inexplicable duty—there are such gems of thought and expression scattered throughout, and the "women-folks" are such lovable characters, that one cannot but be fascinated by the volume. The one fault that strikes us is the nothing-in-particular character of the men who woo and win these perfect types of womanhood; they are negatively good and noble, rather than decidedly so; and the reader is obliged to take it for granted that they are walking incarnations of all the virtues, because their lady-loves say so. We prefer a boldly-drawn Rochester to these pencilled shadows; and like to have book-heroes come out to talk and act for themselves.

CITY POEMS. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," and other poems. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

This is emphatically a queer production, and might very easily have been the performance of a lunatic, in both his sane and insane moments. Such a queer commingling of soaring thoughts and unromantic musings is worthy of McDonald Clark; and even he could scarcely have extracted poetry from the cry of an oyster-vender. But Mr. Smith is transported by it to "dusky shores," and sees "the tremulous silver of the sea." Exquisitely beautiful are many passages in these singular poems; and the gorgeous images, so lavishly piled together, fairly intoxicate with their profusion. The portrait at the beginning of the volume reminds us of Burns, and is by no means the ethereal youth that might be expected.

INTRODUCTION OF THE MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY. By James Monteith. New York: *J. L. Barnes & Co.*

This is a Geography and Atlas combined, and is evidently intended for beginners. It is arranged in a very interesting and attractive manner, and illustrated with numerous pictures. The questions are very instructive, and long answers are wisely avoided. The Author is the Principal of Ward School No. XVII, New York City.

(54)

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. By Madame Le Vert. New York: *S. H. Goetzl & Co.*

A charming book, written by a charming person. Hackneyed as is the subject of a European tour, Madame Le Vert has contrived to give it a peculiar zest and freshness, and her own intense enjoyment of every thing is communicated to her readers. Things and places assume an entirely new light from the power of description; and one would think that the Europe seen by the gifted authoress, was an entirely different affair from the Europe visited by the scores of writers who have given their monotonous impressions to the public. The authoress of the "Souvenirs" visited Europe under most brilliant auspices. Widely known and admired at home, she had met with many distinguished foreigners in her native land, and every attention bestowed upon them in America was eagerly reciprocated when she became a wanderer. Such circumstances give a wonderfully *couleur de rose* aspect to matters and things.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS. Third Series. New York: *Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.*

We have expressed our opinion of a former volume of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and the present collection seems to be characterized by the same traits. There is much earnestness and enthusiasm in the style; but here and there the sensation-seeker is somewhat apparent, and a striving after effect rather mars the beauties of an otherwise good discourse. An engraving of the Surrey Music Hall accompanies the volume, which is printed in excellent style.

PORTER'S FIRST BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By John A. Porter, M. A., M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry in Yale College, author of "Principles of Chemistry." New York: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

This seems to be a useful, thoroughly written little work, by no means so difficult of comprehension as most books of the same nature. The principles of "hydrogen" and "oxygen," those bug-bears of our schooldays, are here explained and simplified; and the difficult science of chemistry made easy to the beginner.

GUY LIVINGSTONE; or, "Thorough." New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

There is no name appended to this novel, but the style is unmistakably that of a man. It begins, as most men's novels do, with the schoolboy-days of the hero, carrying him through a variety of scrapes, from which he comes out triumphant, and giving various details that more particularly interest the male reader. We do not like men's heroines; there is either a lack of softness in their composition, or such an excess of it that it becomes downright silliness; and although "Guy Livingstone" will, doubtless, find its admirers, it is not a book to our taste.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"OUT OF WORK."

Has it not appeared to you, reader, that these words were the mournful minor key of the closing year, the sad wail that has trembled up from suffering hearts, through all the sounds of marriage bells and the joyousness of bridal feasts that made the Autumn a long Jubilee.

"Out of work!" it seems to us this is a cry that *must* pierce the heart of every man and woman worthy of the name in the land; a cry whose pathetic anguish is not wrung from the lips of City Hall mobs, or from the beggars that clamor insolently at your doors, but from honest, hard-working fathers, with little children lifting up their shivering arms for a crust of bread; from helpless young girls that toiled early and late in shops and factories for the pittance that saved them from starvation, and from mothers who bent through long days, and weary nights, over their endless sewing, to gain food and shelter for their fatherless children.

"We would assist the poor, if we could only be certain who really deserved it," remarked a gentleman to us, of whose benevolent feelings we entertain no doubt, and this probably has been the sentiment of all generous people in the disbursement of their charities; for one wants at least, to be certain he or she is not encouraging indolence and vice in administering to another's necessities. *Then, they who suffer most, generally do it silently.* Poverty is a fearful thing, but when Pride and Poverty are wedded together, then God help the sufferers! for of all of life's miseries, we believe this is the greatest, the one ever present, ever galling evil, to which the mere physical suffering of the coarse, the ignorant, and the hardened, are comparatively a very little matter.

And remember, reader, that by the manner of relieving the wants of the proud and sensitive, every man and woman shows more of the true grain of their nature, more of their innate right to the title of Gentleman and Lady, than by almost anything else. There is a delicacy, and a consideration to be evinced for the feelings of others, which after all must be intuitive, to be at all. We do not believe, for one, that this dark cloud which with the close of the year rose so suddenly over the land, was one of God's especial judgments, but an evil brought on of man's recklessness, improvidence, and folly, and we believe, too, that woman has her full burden of sin to bear in this matter.

"*Dress! Dress!*" this has been her besetting sin for the past six years; the subject upon which many an otherwise well balanced woman's mind has seemed to grow rabid, until the matter had really amounted to a social disease for which per-

haps this fearful remedy of "hard times" was the only one.

Now, no woman ought to be indifferent to this subject of dress. She has a right to adorn herself in becoming and graceful attire, for *God made her to look pretty*, and that woman who is utterly indifferent to her personal appearance, no matter how good, or noble, or learned she may be, proves at once there is a serious deficiency in her own nature.

It is always the fault of Reformers that they "go to extremes," and here John Wesley, great and good a man as he was, probably erred when he ordained that women should neither wear "rings or curls, or ruffles."

God is a lover and Creator of the beautiful. Does not every year wear at her christening the white robes He has woven? Has He not given to every Spring her veil of golden mists, and her purple embroidery of violets? Has He not belted the Summer with dancing streams, and sandalled her with daisies, and starred her with lilies? Has He not mounted the Autumn with glorious jewelry, and crowned her with sunsets of topas and ruby?

Let him who says that God is a bare Utilitarian, who has no delight in beauty, go and stand in any cottage door throughout all the land, and every tree, and stream, and flower in sight, shall refute the lie. But as the earth and the seasons thereof have other missions beside those of adorning themselves, so has woman, and she has no right to make this the paramount aim of her life; moreover, no woman has a *right* to dress herself annually on two thousand dollars, or one half, or a quarter of that sum. Different pecuniary circumstances, and social positions, must, of course, control this thing; but we can be safe in asserting that *any* woman ought to dress *elegantlj* on two hundred dollars a year, and many do on less than half this sum; we doubt whether any woman—no matter what be her fortune—ought to expend more. Miss Flora McFlimsey, who promenades Broadway or Chestnut street, in five hundred dollar shawls, and fifty dollar bonnets, may laugh at our primitive notions; but just look at it, my dear Madam! That Honiton lace which adorns your sleeves, at twenty-five dollars a yard, or that gauzy handkerchief that cost fifty more, might, if judiciously employed, have rescued some little child from ignorance and wretchedness, and a future life of infamy, and placed it in a position to be a blessing to itself and the world. It might have saved that poor girl in Brooklyn, you read of with a shudder, who on learning her employment was suspended, went to her room and cut her throat. Probably she had no home, no friends, and mayhap was a stranger in a strange land; no matter what was her nation, or her circumstances, she was

your sister and mine, born of one father, and one mother, and to be judged by one God!

And do you remember, oh, fashionably dressed lady! for you must sometimes think of it, that you shall *die* in a little while, and while you lie on that bed from which no earthly love shall avail to raise you, will it ease your conscience or rejoice your heart to remember that in your drawers lie collars and handkerchiefs that cost a hundred dollars, and in your jewel-cases diamonds for a thousand? that people stared and envied you when you walked out, and that you succeeded in the great ambition of your life, to always dress better than your neighbors!

Oh, woman! woman! how *dare* you flaunt these things in the sight of men, and of angels, when there are thousands all about you famishing for food bodily and spiritual. Fifty dollars! why, it might educate a little child! it might spare a dying mother to her group of helpless children! it might save one of your own sex from a life worse than a thousand deaths! "if my people would but consider, saith the Lord!"

And oh, do you ever remember that one day you will stand before God, and the books will be opened, and your life will be read of Him? and if, amid that solemn throng, one face shall turn to you, and one voice shall break the silence, crying, "She saved me! she saved me!" with what radiant jewels shall the angels set these words in the crown you will wear forever and forever! Oh, do you think, my dear lady, you would regret then that you never wore diamonds and Honiton lace while you were on earth?

We know how mighty is the force of example, and that good, right-minded, and most estimable women have been unconsciously led into extravagance in this matter of dress, because, as we said, it has grown to be a social disease.

But we hope that in this time of self-denial and retrenchment, in which every true woman takes her part, this subject will be viewed in a more rational manner, and considered in its true relations and bearing. And if there shall be born a nobler sentiment, a chaster and more modified taste, if there shall be less extravagance and desire for show and personal adornment, among our sex, then, notwithstanding all these harrassing pecuniary cares that have fallen so suddenly on men—notwithstanding these darkened homes, and even this cry for work that is filling the land, then, notwithstanding all these things, ye have brought us a blessing in adversity, **HARD TIMES!** V. F. T.

A SCRAP FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF LAURIE TODD.—The venerable Grant Thorburn sends us a scrap from his note-book. It will be read with interest, as a reminiscence of his life:

THE BAPTISM OF REBECCA.—The Rev. John Mason was born in Edinburgh, in 1734; in 1781 he was sent out by the Antiburgher Presbytery of Mid Lo-

thian, to take charge of a congregation in New York; he died in 1792.

His son, John Mitchell Mason, was born in New York, in 1770. He was attending the University in Edinburgh, when he received the news of his father's death, accompanied by a call from the church to become their Pastor. He was the most eloquent pulpit orator in America. He died in 1829. His church stood in Cedar street, between Nassau street and Broadway, New York.

Rebecca was the only child of her mother. She was born in Washington's camp. Her father received wounds from the effects of which he died. Soon after the Revolution, Rebecca went out to sew for thirty-one cents per day. On this they contrived to keep soul and body together. My brother and I, both nail-makers, had our work-shop next door. Learning that the old lady had a spare bed, we induced her to board us. So on the first of November, 1794, we placed our chest in the garret, and sat down at her table.

After supper Rebecca asked me to accompany her to the Methodist meeting. Conversing on the way I found she was warmly engaged in a good cause, but totally ignorant of the way she wished to tread. In short, she never had learned to read; she was now in her nineteenth year; says I, Rebecca, I'll teach you to read, if you wish; she replied it was the chief wish of her heart.

Next night, supper being ended, I produced my spelling-book, anxious to teach her young ideas how to shoot. She was anxious to learn, and I was anxious she should learn. Her progress therefore was rapid. It was a pleasant, but a perilous task; I therefore warn all bachelors of twenty-two, except they are willing to get married in spite of their teeth, that they think twice before they undertake to teach a bonnie lass of nineteen how to pronounce the A B C.

On week-day evenings I went with her to the Methodist meeting; on Sabbath she went with me to hear Dr. Mason. She resolved to join his church; she had never been baptized; twelve months had elapsed since she became my pupil; now she could read the Bible. She was baptized on the Friday evening preceding the communion Sabbath, November 1795. Feeling a warm interest in the scene, I took my seat where I could see every motion; she wore a frock of muslin, white, neat, and clean. You have seen the picture of the Goddess of Liberty; a long flowing robe, terminating in a train, some two feet long. The robe was cut to no shape; a white silk cord ran through the breadth of the garment; it was drawn tight, and tied in front under the breast, to suit the shape of the wearer. A black beaver hat, the rim turned up right and left to make the ears visible.

Rebecca was tall, slender, and straight as an Indian arrow. Being in half mourning, a black ribbon encircled her waist; beads of the same color hung around her neck. Her hair was flaxen, and her skin as white as the snows on Siberia

The sermon being ended, Dr. Mason spoke aloud, "Let the person to be baptized present herself." She advanced and stood under the large chandelier in front of the Pulpit; (no gas-light in those days.) The eyes of the whole congregation were fixed on her, while Dr. Mason, in a solemn voice, was laying the vows of God upon her, and she made the responses with the utmost propriety. As Dr. Mason was descending the twelve steps which led down from the Pulpit, she untied the ribbon which held on her hat, and stepped to the Font. There she stood, her black hat in one hand, a white muslin handkerchief in the other, her beautiful flaxen hair neatly arranged in full view, as she turned her face to Heaven and shut her eyes while the Minister poured the waters of the sanctuary on her transparent brow, and as the pearly drops rolled over her blushing cheeks, I thought her face shone like the face of an Angel. And I vowed in my heart, if it so willed Heaven, that nothing but death should part us. We were married in six months thereafter. She died in 1801, but she yet lives, moves, and has her being in her only child, my oldest son.

GRANT THORBURN, SR.

Aged 84 years and 8 months.

New Haven, Oct. 18th, 1857

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We find it almost impossible to answer specifically the letters we are receiving, and we have lying before us those which ought to have received attention months ago.

But dear reader what *can* we do? Every day brings its work, and by the time this is over, head and hands are too much exhausted for epistolary effort.

Yet we are glad, and grateful for these letters. Coming to us from the North and South, and East and West, they rejoice our hearts with their sweet praises and their words of tenderness, and we long to place our hands in the hands of these unknown friends, and, looking in their eyes, say, "We thank you;" and if these words are sometimes the least, so are they sometimes the most one can say.

And to you who have looked in vain for some response to your kind tokens we would say here, each one has gladdened and strengthened us, and been deeply, though it may be *silently* appreciated.

We have resolved during the coming year to answer these letters, as far as possible, with some message through our Magazine.

HARRIET F. C—D—LL.—We sympathize deeply with you in your sufferings, and yet we cannot but congratulate you on being rid of such a tyrant, and hope that your stormy life may have a setting of peace and sunshine. There are, probably, in all lives, "the elements of a great tragedy," and the painful history you have given us is very full of these. But there are usually great difficulties attending the novelist's embodying these elements in a story, and people feel a delicacy in having their

own lives and experiences given up to public analysis and dissection.

Painful as the story is, we could not very well, with our data, proceed to point a moral or "adorn a tale," though thousands of your sisterhood, alas! have wrecked their happiness by just such uncongenial unions. But you have found the strong anchor and the healing balsam for the broken-hearted, God's love.

ADIE W—D—D.—We are very glad to find that our words reached and strengthened you. It is never best to let these sorrows "overwhelm" us. We know it is very hard for the timid, and sensitive, and trusting, to bear them, but time and occupation, above all, Faith in God, will make the end better than the beginning, and, like HER, the love of girlhood may not be the love of *womanhood*.

BERTHA.—We should be most happy to oblige you, but this matter does not come under our supervision. We will do what we can, however, understanding something of your feelings in this great affliction.

LUNA.—Many thanks for your long letter, and the poem, which was published. You shall hear from us again, if you will send us your address, which has been lost.

CLARA AUGUSTA.—Pardon us for not answering your request before. It was hardly possible to attend to it when made, but if you will send us your address, we will enclose you an engraving.

C. F. EVERTS.—Yours is received. Many thanks for your kind wishes. Shall be happy to see you when you come.

NORTH LEWISBURG, CHAMPAGNE CO., OHIO.—It will be necessary to send your address to Mr. Arthur.

V. F. T.

THE NEST AT HOME. (Steel Plate.)

Do you read the lessons of the sweet picture before you? Do you see the soft joy in the mother's brown eyes—eyes where the merry light of girlhood has deepened into the tenderness of maternity. One seems almost to feel the touch of that baby's soft arms, and hear its loud crowing in the mother's ear.

Then, the brave, beautiful boy beneath, with his thick curls of glossy hair, and his shoulders, white as chiselled marble. No wonder his head sank on his mother's knee, and he went to sleep in the very act of undressing, for he has had a hard afternoon of play, and it would take a more skillful pen than mine to describe his delight and triumph when he found that robin's nest, with its three small eggs, in the grass, blown down from the top of the old pear tree bough by last night's heavy wind.

How proud he was when he carried it to his mother; and do you see how tightly he grasps the nest, in his dreams, where he finds it among the tall trees again?

Oh! mother! mother! do you know—has it been told, how great is the gift, how grand is the work

before you? All that poets have sung, or ministers preached, or authors written, hath not fathomed this—the work and the responsibility of a mother! And to us there are few sights on earth so sad as one unfitted for her task.

Every day, and every hour, oh, tender, loving parent, you are writing lessons on those young souls which must be read at the judgment. Oh, when you stand there, and they are gathered about you, may you be enabled to say, very joyfully, "Behold me and the children which God hath given me!"

V. F. T.

COIFFURES.

We diversify our Illustrations of Fashion this month, by giving representations of some of the newest and most approved *Coiffures*, suitable to various styles of dress. The arrangement of the hair is so important a part of a lady's toilette, that too much attention can scarcely be bestowed on it. A lady can never be said to be well dressed, unless her hair be tastefully arranged, and in a style perfectly in keeping with the other portions of her costume.

Fig. 1.—This head-dress is rather peculiar in style, and is suitable only for full evening costume. The front hair is parted on the left side of the forehead, and then turned back, and disposed in a very thick rouleau on the centre of the forehead, and over the right temple. The hair on the left side is turned back, and formed into two rouleaux, between which is fixed a bouquet of roses, descending in pendent sprays of buds and foliage as low as the shoulder of the wearer.

Fig. 2.—A simple and very becoming style of coiffure, equally appropriate to plain evening dress, or to costume suitable to an earlier period of the day. It may be worn with a high or half-high dress. The hair is arranged in smooth bandeaux on each side of the forehead; a portion of the front hair, near the roots, being left to descend in a short, light *frisure* below the bandeaux. The back hair is plaited, and fixed so as to descend gracefully over the neck.

Fig. 3.—Coiffure suitable for the Theatre or for evening *neglige*. The front hair is turned back in the centre of the forehead, and forms full bandeaux at each side. Two rouleaux of hair pass across the upper part of the head, and a plait is disposed in a loop below each ear. A bouquet of flowers ornaments the back of the head.

Fig. 4.—This is a very becoming style of coiffure for a young lady. The hair is divided in the centre of the forehead, and disposed in three rouleaux at each side of the face. The ends of these rouleaux are twisted together, and fastened at the back of the head. This style of arranging the hair is remarkably simple and elegant.

Fig. 5.—This coiffure, which may be worn in plain evening dress, closely resembles the style portrayed in Fig. 2. The front hair is in bandeaux, below which, at each side of the forehead, the front hair descends in small light curls. The back hair is plaited, and forms a massive *chignon* at the nape of the neck.

Fig. 6.—This style of coiffure is suited for *demi-toilette*. The hair is divided in a longitudinal line along the upper part of the head. It is then passed

in waved bandeaux on each side of the forehead, and the ends descend behind the ears in massive ringlets. The back hair is confined at the nape of the neck by a bow of black velvet with long flowing ends.

For morning, a wreath of black silk ribbon, enlivened with velvet flowers and foliage; in the evening it is exchanged for a wreath of flowers and foliage more elaborately worked, but still of velvet, and representing our most choice flowers of large size, such as the camelia, in different shades, to heighten or tone down the complexion, as occasion may require.

HANDSOME MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

A LADY correspondent of the *Home Journal*, remarks upon the beauty of middle-aged men who are workers and thinkers, in contrast with the defect of beauty in middle-aged men who are idlers, sensualists, or mere sportsmen. We copy the paragraph as worthy of note and remembrance. She says:

"We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was famous. 'Oh, it's because he never *did* anything,' said B.; 'he never worked, thought, suffered. You must have the mind chiselling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men.' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch at the theatre, opera, and other places, to see whether it was generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

Lay this to heart, young men, just starting forward on your life-journey, and let your ever active minds—active in the right direction—cut your faces into lines of enduring beauty.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1858.

Here you have our initial number for 1858, and a glance has satisfied you that it has no superior in external attractions. Go a little deeper; read its well filled-pages; and we have no concern for your decision, if you are a lover of genial home virtues, and prize the humanities of life. The first years of a periodical are years of labor without reward. It takes time for the public to gain a knowledge of its existence, and to acquire confidence in its character and stability. A limited income demands economic expenditure; and there follows of course, a certain deficiency of attraction. The comparison with older periodicals is not favorable. But the days of success come as the sure reward of patient perseverance. A large subscription gives larger means, and the Magazine takes its place as an established "institution." Up to that position have we arrived. The "Home Magazine" has passed the days of probation, and taken its place in the catalogue of leading periodicals, with permanency and advancement stamped on every feature.

OUR COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES.—These, for beauty, accuracy, finish, and delicate arrangement of color, have on all hands been pronounced superior to those issued by any other Magazine. They are produced in New York, under the supervision of Genio C. Scott, who promises to give them even more especial attention during next year.

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Drawn by J. P. Brown.

ALD. 1850. 6.

THE FAVORITE.



HOME MAGAZINE FEB. 1858.



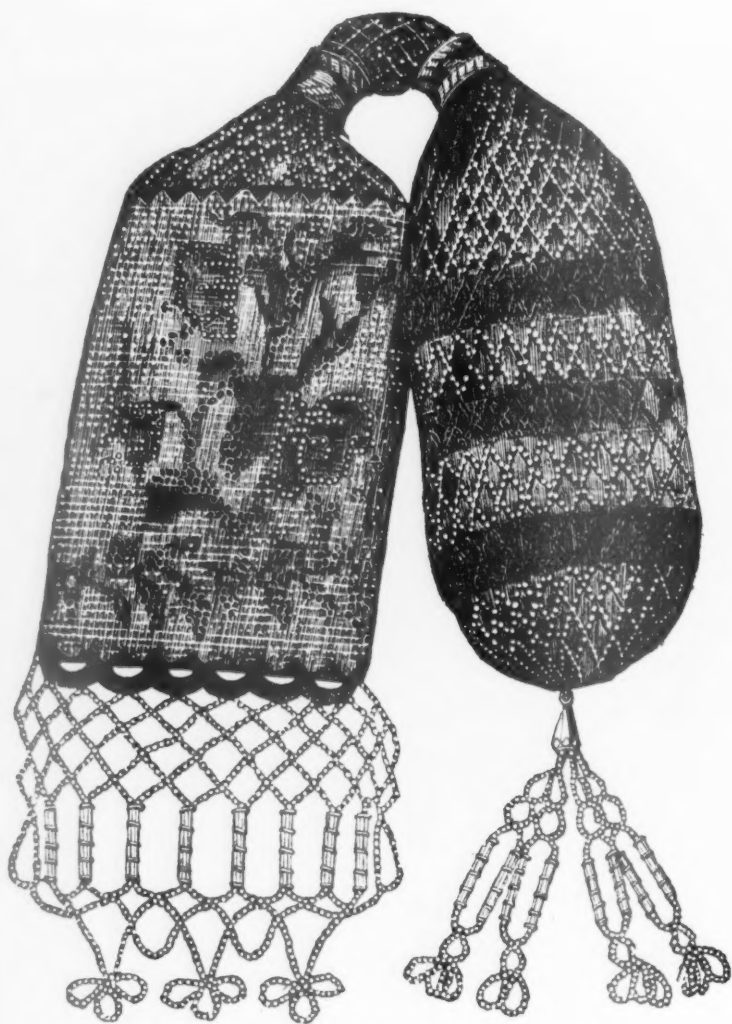
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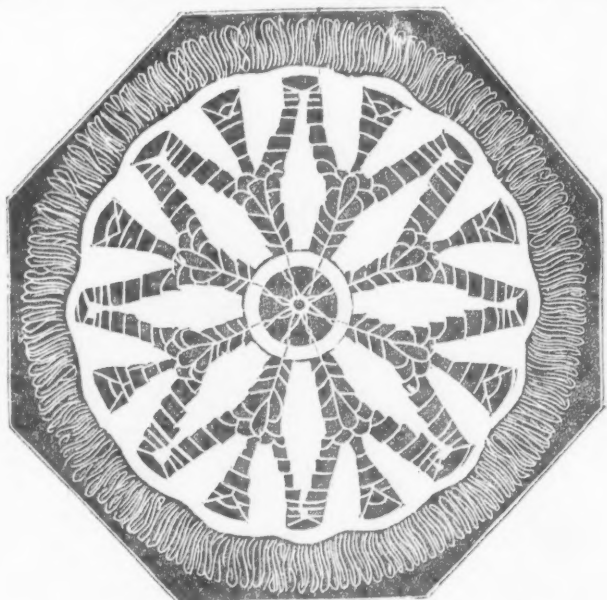
THE FAVORITE.



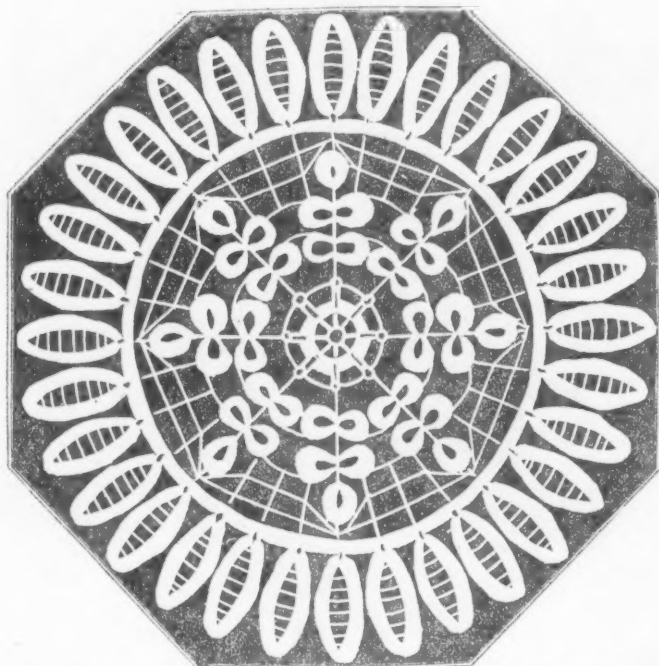
HOME MAGAZINE FEB. 1858.



BRIDAL PURSE, IN CROCHET AND BEADS.



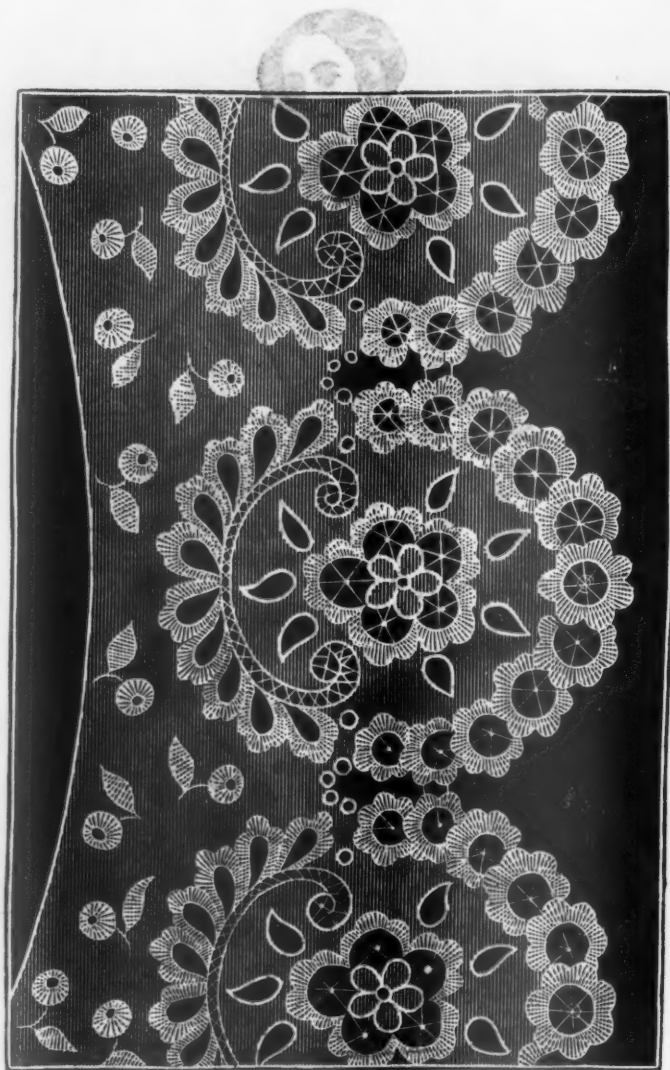
CROCHET D' OYLEY.



CROCHET MAT FOR TOILET CANDLESTICK.



MORNING ROBE.

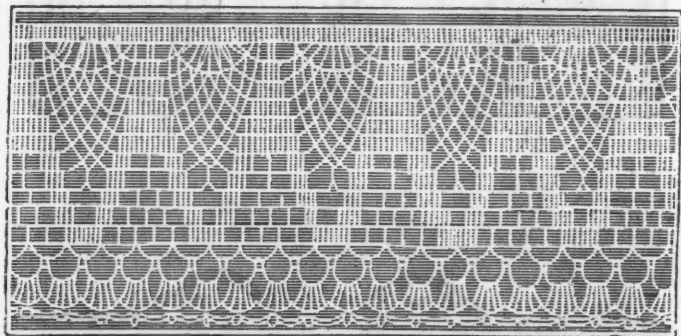


PETTICOAT TRIMMING IN EMBROIDERY.

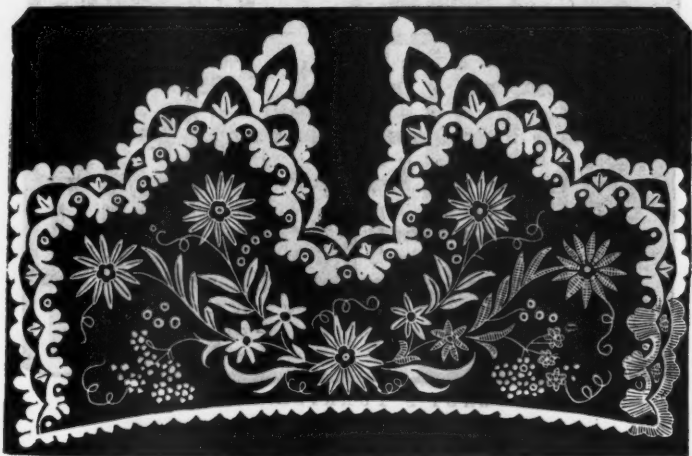
MORNING EMBROIDERY



BRODERIE EDGING.



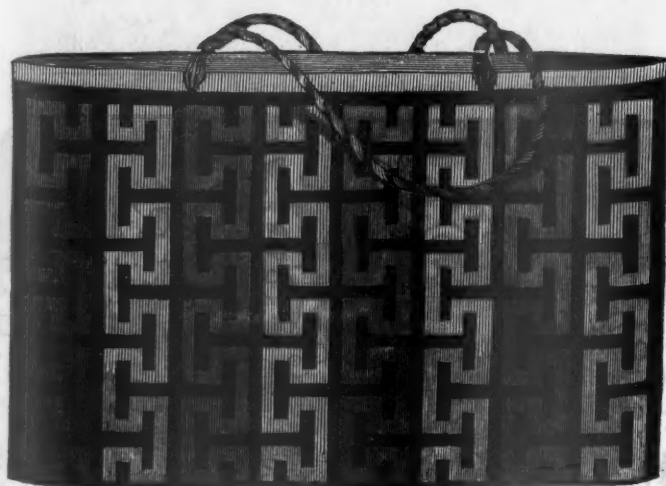
CROCHET EDGING.



MOSQUETAIRE CUFF.

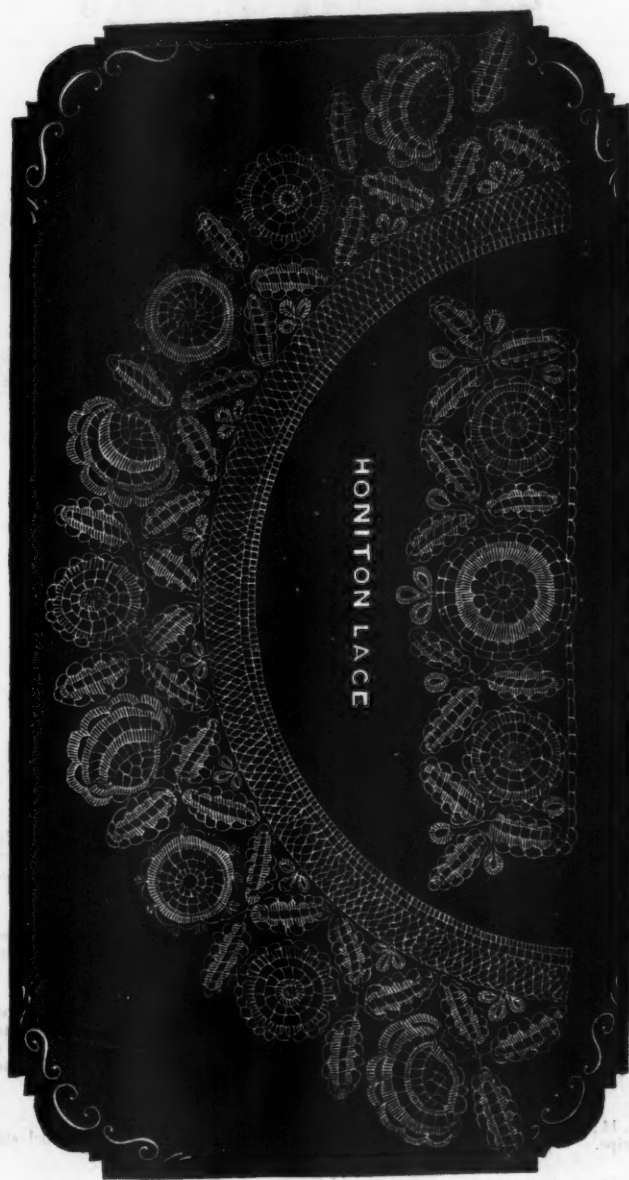


LADY'S BERLIN TRAVELLING BAG.

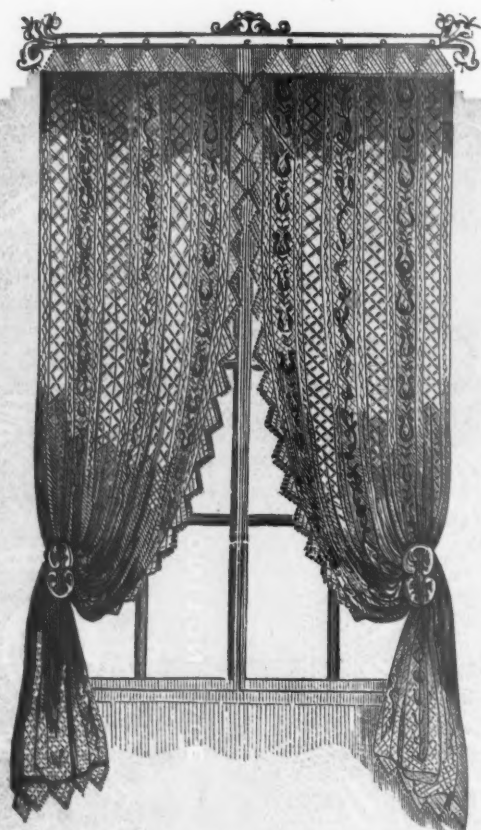


LADY'S TURKISH BAG

W. & A. GILBERTSON



HONITON LACE



NETTED CURTAIN.

MATERIAL—One and a half pounds of Knitting Cotton, No. 10. Meshes—No. 12 and 14 Bell Gauge, one flat Mesh, half an inch wide, and one, a quarter of an inch wide. Steel Netting Needles.

The foundation is 576 stitches for a curtain of four yards in length. Commence with No. 14 mesh, and net four rows plain, and for the

OPEN STRIPE,

Fifth row, with the half inch mesh, work plain. Sixth row, mesh quarter of an inch, net two stitches together, repeat. Seventh row, plain. Eighth row, half inch mesh, net two stitches in one, repeat. Then, for the

DIAMOND STRIPE,

With mesh No. 14, work four rows plain, and for the diamonds, fifth row, net one plain stitch, and then turn the thread round the mesh and net one plain stitch; repeat these two stitches to the end. Sixth row, all plain. Seventh row, turn the thread round the mesh, net a stitch, then one plain stitch; repeat these two stitches. Eighth row, plain. Repeat the last four rows five times more, then work three rows plain, and then repeat the open stripe.

FIRST EMBROIDERED STRIPE.

Mesh No. 14; work thirty-six rows plain, then repeat the open stripe, then the diamond stripe, then the open stripe.

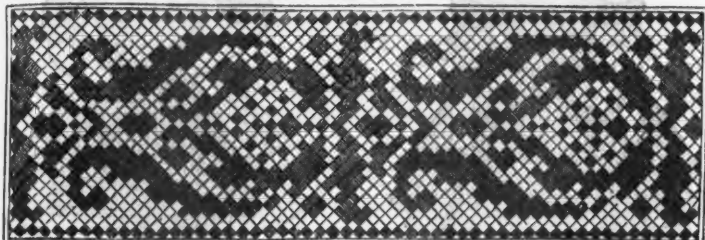
SECOND EMBROIDERED STRIPE.

Mesh No. 14; work thirty-nine rows plain, then repeat the open stripe, diamond stripe and open stripe. Work the third embroidered stripe the same as the first, then repeat the open stripe, and net four rows plain. This makes a curtain one yard wide, and if required wider, repeat the diamond stripe and the second embroidered stripe.

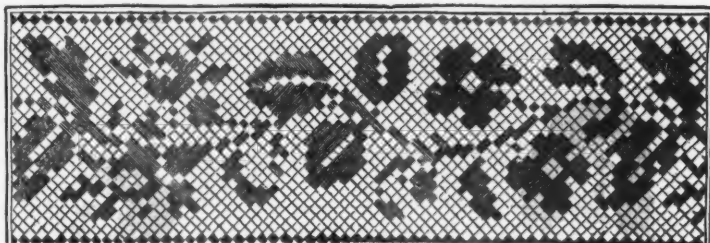
VANDYKE EDGING.

Mesh No. 12; net seventeen plain stitches on the last row of the curtain, turn back. Second row; net the seventeen stitches, turn back. Third row; net sixteen stitches, turn back, leaving one stitch. Then fifteen rows same as the last, working one stitch less each time. Cut off the thread and commence the next vandyke on the eighteenth stitch of the curtain. Repeat the vandykes along one side at the top and bottom.

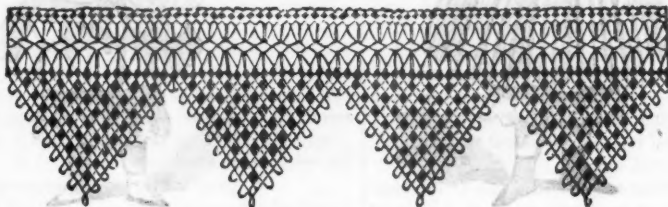
The patterns are embroidered with the same cotton and a rug needle, in the usual manner, that is by passing the needle under and over the stitches of the netting about five times, taking care to turn the stitches the same way as marked in the engravings below. The beading at the edge of the stripes should also be worked on the four plain rows of the diamond stripes. The vandykes are embroidered in the same manner.



FIRST EMBROIDERED STRIPE.



SECOND EMBROIDERED STRIPE.



VANDYKE EDGING

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

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